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嬌蠻百年長恨

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IN NĒEN CHANG HĀN

THE LASTING REVENGE

OF KEAOU, LWAN WANG,

Translated from the Original

BY

SLOTH.

Interdum Piger, interdum Timidus.

CICERO.

Pigerrimus ad literas scribendas.

CÆLIUS AD CIC.

The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray--
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore--
From a base world at last have stol'n away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumœan shore
Retiring--tasted joy he never knew before!

THOMSON.

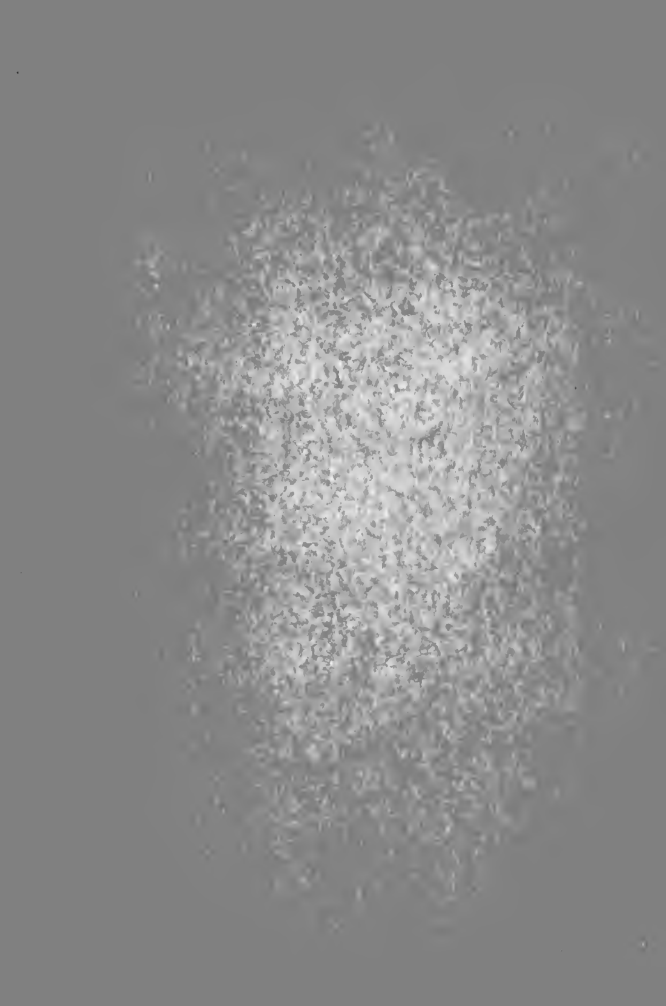
CANTON, 1839.

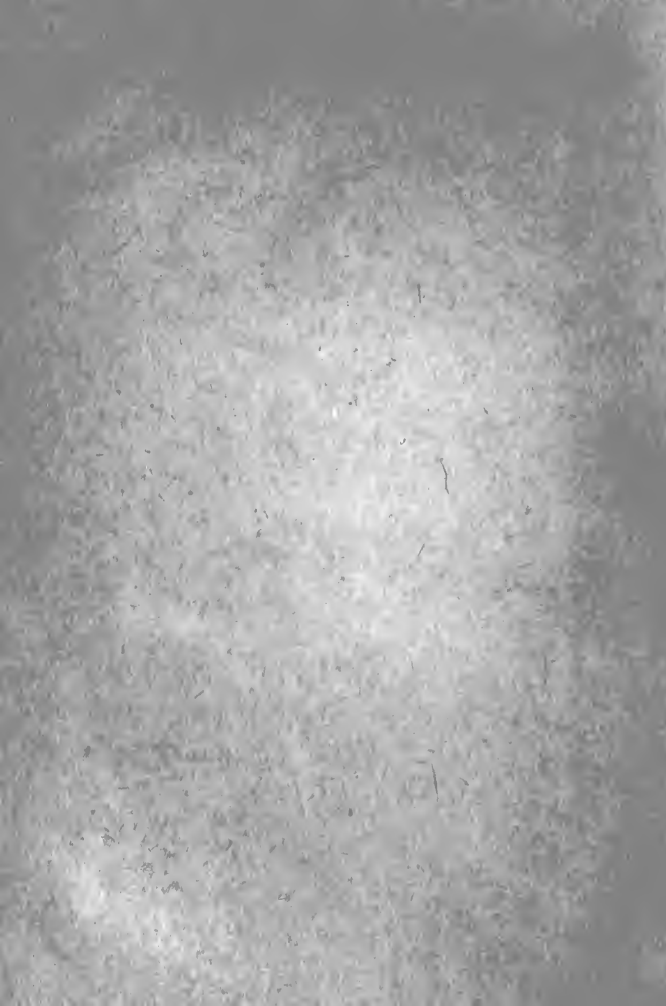
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王嬌鸞百年長恨

WANG KEAOU LŴAN PIH NĒEN CHANG HĀN

or

THE LASTING RESENTMENT OF MISS KEAOU LWAN WANG,

A CHINESE TALE:

Founded on Fact.

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CANTON, 1839.

Printed at the Canton Press Office.

to 1911
1911-1912

1911-1912

TO
WILLIAM JARDINE, ESQUIRE.
JAMES MATHESON, ESQUIRE,
HENRY WRIGHT, ESQUIRE,
OF
CANTON.

The following pages are inscribed

as a trifling mark

of

Gratitude and Respect

by

Their very Humble

and

Often obliged Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

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P R E F A C E.

The following tale is extracted from the 11th volume of the 今古奇觀 Kin koo ke kwan "Remarkable observations of ancient and modern times" in 12 volumes. An abridgment of the same story is found in the 情史 Tsing she, or history of the passions (10 volumes) in the 7th volume, 16th division (being that of the passion of revenge,) under the head of 周廷章 Chow Ting chang.

The story was at first translated *quite literally*, but on re-perusing it, the translator—fearing, lest from it's remarkable brevity and abruptness, it would be most unpalatable to an English reader, besides being in many passages absolutely unintelligible—wrote it out afresh, when a great many liberties were taken with the original text, especially in giving the most decent interpretation to certain expressions, which, however customary among the Chinese, would be offensive to Europeans: and one passage which would not admit of being so handled, has been entirely suppressed.

The translator feels at a loss under what head to class the *style* of this little work. According to the learned P. Premarc, there are two styles or languages, vizt, that which he thus expresses, "*antiqua illa quae in veteribus libris conservatur*" and the "*lingua mandarina prout in ore hominum politorum versatur*." The same distinction is made by Dr. Gonsalvez, vizt, "*o estito vulgar mandarim e classico geral*"—and by M. Abel Remusat, vizt "*style antique, et style moderne*." The following work is certainly *not* in the style of the classics, neither is it the mandarin language "*prout in ore hominum politorum versatur*," any more than the style of dialogue used in Shakespeare's plays, is the language we make use of in the ordinary business of life. Were the matter to be compounded and this style called the *demi-classic* or *bastard classic*, perhaps it would be nearer the mark.

The translator selected the following tale for his *coup d'essai*, partly from being pleased with the manner in which the plot is developed, and partly, because from the quantity of poetry interwoven in the piece, this story may perhaps be looked upon as one of the most difficult of the collection. That he may not be said to over-estimate the difficulty attending the translating of Chinese poetry, the writer begs to refer to the opinion of one of the first, nay perhaps the *very first* sinologue of his age.

“ Les difficultés (c'est à dire de traduire les passages lyriques) que signale Prémare et que reconnaît monsieur Davis, viennent, tantôt de figures de langage empruntées aux trois règnes, ou de comparaisons dont on ne peut saisir les rapports qu'à l'aide d'une foule d'idées intermédiaires, et de connaissances spéciales, qui s'acquièrent moins dans les livres que dans le commerce et la société des lettrés ; tantôt elles naissent d'allusions aux usages, aux superstitions, aux contes et aux traditions populaires, aux fictions de la fable et de la mythologie, ou aux opinions fantastiques des Chinois.

“ Ces obstacles, particuliers à la poésie Chinoise, ne peuvent jamais arrêter une personne qui réside en Chine, entourée de toutes les ressources qu'offrent les explications des naturels, et des dictionnaires en cent et en deux cents volumes qui n'existent point chez nous.

“ La condition des sinologues d'Europe est loin d'être aussi favorable, et, dans l'état actuel de nos connaissances il semble que tout accès à la poésie chinoise leur soit interdit encore pour long-temps. “ On possède, même en Europe,” dit Monsieur Davis, “ des secours suffisants pour comprendre les compositions en prose ; mais jusqu'à ce qu'on ait compilé un dictionnaire de la poésie chinoise (ouvrage dont le besoin se fait vivement sentir aujourd'hui), on peut regarder ce sujet d'étude comme placé presque hors de la portée des sinologues Européens.” M. Stanislas Julien préface de *L'Histoire du Cercle de Craie*.

This passage not only bears testimony to the great difficulty of translating the Chinese poetry, but moreover alludes to the almost hopeless condition in which European sinologues stand, when compared with their more lucky brother students who—

“ Breathe out their English breath, on China's strand.”

The same author says, in the avertissement du Traducteur, to his *Résumé des principaux traités chinois sur la culture des muriers et l'éducation des vers à soie* (published at Paris 1837.)

“ Si la traduction de cet ouvrage eût été exécutée à Péking, par quelque missionnaire entouré de secours de tous genres, et aidé des lumières des Chinois lettrés, qu'aucune difficulté ne saurait jamais arrêter, elle seroit aussi irréprochable, aussi parfaite que celle d'un ouvrage anglais rédigée à Londres, avec l'assistance des hommes les plus éclairés de la Grande-Bretagne.

“ La position d'un sinologue en Europe est loin d'être aussi avantageuse que celle de ces anciens missionnaires de *Péking*, à qui nous devons de si utiles travaux. Il faut qu'il lutte à chaque instant, et presque sans secours, contre les difficultés de la plus vaste et de la plus compliquée de toutes les langues. Les obstacles se multiplient à l'infini, si le texte qu'il traduit est rempli de termes et de détails techniques, et

si les difficultés d'un sujet qui lui est étranger viennent se joindre aux difficultés de la langue."

That the foreign missionaries who resided at Peking possessed every facility for studying the language and literature of the country that the most educated natives themselves possessed—I believe to be the case:—that we who live in Canton—stand upon a very much more favorable footing for prosecuting our researches, than the forlorn student confined to his own chamber in Paris or Berlin, with no one to whom he can look for assistance—I very readily admit:—still is our situation not *quite* so favorable as the learned and able sinologue seems to think it. *We* are not surrounded by the *gens de lettres* as were the missionaries at Peking, *we* have not free access to their stores of knowledge as these able men had, nor are *we* looked up to with that profound respect, which they, for a season at least, exacted from the Throne itself. Oh no! *our* Chinese associates are Hong merchants, Linguists, Compradores and Coolies, people who make no pretensions to literary merit, people who cannot if they would, and who dare not if they could, convey to us any literary instruction—and who, while they eat our bread, most commonly hate and despise us! Such is the case *less or more* of every foreigner who sets his foot in China! The writer during a residence of nearly five years, has only three times (and that by mere accident) conversed with persons who can properly be called by profession *literary men* (*lettrés Chinois*.) Two of these occasions being upon business, no familiar conversation was permitted: the third occasion was at a Hong merchants', where a Han lin (*académicien*) was visiting as a friend. This *lettré Chinois* condescended to ask a few questions, but smiled with incredulity on being told that the English had their poetry as well as the Chinese had theirs, and appeared actually to sicken with disgust, when assured that it was quite possible in our barbarous tongue to compose a *Wăn chang*! (thesis or homily.) It is worthy of note, that this gentleman—on meeting the writer—gave himself out as a *merchant*, most probably from the idea that it was beneath the dignity of a *lettré* to pollute his lips by conversing familiarly with a despised foreigner! In one word then (and the truth must be told even tho' with a blush) the Chinese men of letters look upon us, upon our pursuits, and upon every thing connected with us, with the most utter contempt!

As for the *Sëen säng* or teachers who frequent our Hong's to teach us the elements of their language, I am not aware of a single one who is a *Sewtsae*, or who has attained even the lowest step in their literary ladder. Many of them would not be kept in a Chinese gentleman's house, to teach Chinese boys out of leading strings. The writer may boast of possessing one of the most talented of the brotherhood, a man already known to the Canton Public as the Translator of Esop's fables

into Chinese, and, it is only common justice to say of his performance, that it has satisfied every person who has seen the fables, i. e. who has education sufficient to read and understand them. Still is his knowledge limited. Having had occasion to consult him continually while translating these few sheets, I was not a little annoyed and mortified to find him giving me random interpretations of some of the most important lines, the explanation he would give me to day, would be entirely altered to morrow, and when taxed with inconsistency would merely say, that every man when reading Chinese poetry would read it his own way, that it was *quot homines, tot sententiae*, every man had a different interpretation. That this is to a certain degree the case, I believe as firmly as that many Englishmen slur over Milton and Shakespeare without being able to parse what they read, far less to understand it, but it cannot for a moment be supposed that the Chinese *lettres* are in this predicament, any more than that our professed scholars are blind to the beauties of our own poets. I also took Mr. Davis' plan, vizt that of consulting different *Séen sāng* separately; but this was a new annoyance; their opinions being incongruous, it cost me more trouble to weigh, select, and reconcile them, than to write out the passage from my own indistinct notion of it's purport. It is therefore but too probable that I have erred more than once.

Should these remarks ever meet the eye of the learned and amiable French professor (蟻膽山斗) the translator hopes that he will pardon the liberty he has taken, in putting him right as to the *real* situation of Anglo Chinese students residing at Canton. Great as our advantages are over our fellow students of Europe, they might still be much greater than they are. Without the assistance of my *Séen sāng*, these pages would never have been written at all, but had I had free access to their men of letters, they might have been translated perfectly free of error. Such as they are, they now go forth to the world with every imperfection on their head, and when the gentle reader discovers a blunder, may I beg the favor of his turning to the title page, and keeping in mind the very unpretending name, under which this little work is offered to a good natured public?

Canton, 25th December 1838.

N. B.—I may merely state, that I have written the name of the heroine Miss Keaou Lwan Wang à l'européenne, in preference to writing it Miss Wang Keaou Lwan, à la Chinoise:—it strikes me that it sounds better.





sketch at London 1859.

Wagner print.

王嬌鸞百年長恨

WANG KEAOU LÄWÄN PHH NĒEN CHANG HÄN

OR

THE LASTING RESENTMENT OF MISS KEAOU LÄWÄN WANG,
A CHINESE TALE:

Whilst in the sky the sun* revolves, and the moon† circles in her course--

Among men, those of this age come, as those of a former age depart.

What in bye-gone years was the place of mirth, is now changed to a barren terrace--

And in the twinkling of an eye, right becomes wrong, and victory, defeat!--

Ye must learn out of the noise and bustle of this world, to select, tranquillity.

Do not, by affecting to be wise over much, turn out to be a fool!

Thirst not after debauchery, covet not wealth.

And the days of thy life will be unattended with evils and calamities!--

It is related that in the province of Keangse, the Foo district of Jaouchow, the Hcen district of Yu tseen, and the village of Changlo, there lived a man of the common people called Chang yih. This man

* Literally, "the golden crow." † Literally, "the rabbit of jade stone."

dealt in miscellaneous articles, and, one day, in the way of business he had occasion to go to the chief city of the Hsien district, and the night being already far gone ere his little matters were all arranged, he went to sleep at a lodging house outside of the town. This lodging house being already full of people, could yield him no accomodation. There happened however, in a partition wall, to be an empty apartment fast locked, in which no man dwelt, and Changyih addressing the landlord said to him, "mine host! why not open this empty room and "let me have it?" The landlord replied, "in this room sir, are "ghosts or devils, and I dare not lodge guests in it!" Changyih again said to him, "well, even if there should be ghosts or devils, "what should I be afraid of them for?" The landlord having not a word more to say, could only comply; so he unlocked the door, and taking a lamp and a sweeping-broom, handed them over to Chang yih. This person then entered the room, and taking the lamp, placed it steadily on the ground, where he trimmed it quite brightly. In the centre of the room was a broken bedstead literally piled up with dust, so he made use of his broom and swept it clean, spread open the bed-clothes, called for a little rice and wine on which he supped, threw the door to again, undressed himself, and went to sleep. In a dream he saw a very beautiful woman in rich and gaudy attire, step forward and recommend herself to his pillow. While dreaming he embraced her, and when he awoke, strange to say, this woman was still as before at his side! Changyih asked her who she was, when she replied. "I am the wife of a neighbour, "and because my husband has gone abroad, I feel afraid to sleep "alone, so we must just mutually accomodate matters. Do not at "present speak any more, afterwards you will know all!" Chang yih did not again ask her, and when it was bright daylight this woman took her departure; at night, she again came, when both parties were as pleased as at first. Thus it continued for three successive nights, and the landlord seeing that his guest Mr. Chang, the merchant, was

at leisure, by chance said in relation to this circumstance, that formerly in that room a woman had hanged herself, and that strange things frequently happened there, "only," added he, "all seems to be quite quiet at present." Chang yih treasured what he heard in his breast, and when night came, and that same woman came with it, he put the question to her, saying, "to day the landlord told me, that in this "room was the ghost of a woman who had hanged herself, I presume "that this must be you?" The lady, without betraying the least symptom of shame, or showing any desire to conceal the truth, replied promptly, "it is indeed myself, and no other! But you sir may be "under no apprehension, as I have not the slightest intention to "injure you." Chang yih begged her to favor him with the particulars of her history, which she did in these words. "In my previous state of existence I was a girl of the town, and my family "name was Muh. My rank in the stews was number twenty two, "and for this reason people used to call me Miss Neen urh.* I had a "liaison with a man of Yu tseen district called Yang chuen, and we "were very intimate indeed. He promised to marry me and take me "home with him; so on the faith of this, I assisted him with my "little private stock of money which consisted of a hundred pieces "of gold.† My false lover went off, and in three years, not returning, the old lady at the head of our establishment, wished to constrain my affections, and urged me to admit another suitor; so "having no plan to get rid of her importunities, and being unable to "bear up against the vexation that weighed me down, I hanged myself and died! The place where my brothers dwelt in was sold "to another person, who now-a-days uses it as a lodging house: in former times this was my room, and my spirit not being extinguished, "continues to haunt it as before. Yang chuen is from the same district "as yourself, perhaps you may know him?" Chang yih replied,

* Neen urh used in Chinese writings for twenty two, vulgo urh shih urh.

† Pibkin, white gold i. e. a hundred taels of silver.

that he knew him very well. "And where is he now, and what is he about?" asked the woman. Chang yih replied, "last year he removed his dwelling to the south gate of the City of Jaouchow, where he has married a wife, and opened a shop. Moreover his business is in a very flourishing way." The woman gave a long sigh, but at that time made no further observation. After two days more, when Chang yih was about to return home, she said to him, "I have a strong desire, Sir, to follow you, and live with you altogether, but I do not know whether you will consent or not?" Chang yih replied, "Why, if you are able to accompany me, pray what objection should I have?" Upon this the woman rejoined, "then Sir, would you be good enough to get ready a small wooden tablet, and have written upon it: 'This is the spirit's tablet of Miss Neen urh,' which you can put in your clothes' basket: if at any time you take it out and call me, I will on that instant come forth." Our friend Chang promised that he would do so. His companion further said to him: "I have still fifty taels of silver buried beneath this bed, which no one knows of, you may take it and use it as you list Sir." Chang yih dug up the ground, and in reality found a pitcher containing fifty taels of silver, at which his heart was full well-pleased, and thus the night passed. Next day he had the spirit's tablet written out, which he stowed away carefully, and bidding the landlord good bye, set out on his way home. When he had got to his house, he recounted all these circumstances to his wife. This lady was not at first too well pleased with the adventure, but on seeing the fifty taels of silver, she recovered her good humor and expressed no dissatisfaction. Chang-yih having set up Miss Neen urh's spirit's tablet by the Eastern wall, his wife by way of sport took it and called upon her, when lo! in broad day-light Miss Neen-urh came walking forth, and made the good lady of the house a profound obeisance! This personage was at first a good deal startled, but afterwards getting familiar to the sight of the spectre, she made no work about it. At night when Changyih and his rib

retired to rest, the stranger slept beside them, and strange to say, neither was the bed in any way observed to be cramped or narrow !

After some ten days and more, the spectre lady said to Changyih. " There is an old outstanding debt due me at the principal City of the " district, perhaps Sir, you would like to go along with me to recover " it ? " Our friend Chang, hoping to turn the affair to his own advantage, at once promised. He then forthwith hired a vessel, and taking the spirit's tablet placed it carefully in the centre of the boat. The stranger lady travelled with him by day, and slept with him at night, indeed she seemed not at all to shun the intercourse of people of flesh and blood.

After travelling a few days they arrived at the south gate of Jaouchow city, when the woman said, " I am now going to Yangchuen's house, to claim the old debt due me." Changyih wished to ask her what she meant, but, in a moment, she was already ashore. He followed her, and saw her distinctly enter a shop, which on inspecting narrowly, he found to be in very deed the house of Yangchuen. Having waited for some time, he did not see her come forth, but he saw the whole of Yangchuen's establishment in a state of fright and alarm, and, in a brief space of time, the sound of weeping seemed to shake the very ground. He enquired the reason of a person in the shop, who thus accounted for it : " Why," said he, " my " master Yangchuen was well enough ; hitherto there had been no " thing the matter with him, when, all of a sudden, he met some wicked " devil or other !, for the blood spouted out of the nine orifices of his " body and he died ! " Chang yih knew within his heart that it was Miss Neen urh who had done the deed : so, quietly stealing down to his vessel, he took the spirit's tablet and earnestly called upon her, but she was never seen to come forth more ! Changyih then comprehended that the old outstanding due her at the chief city, was a debt of vengeance to be recovered from Yang chuen. for his unjust conduct towards her, when a being of this world ! There is a verse of poetry which says

feelingly in relation to this:

* Wang Kwei turned his back upon every sense of goodness, and drew down upon himself the deadly vengeance of the gods !

† Le yih also sinned against his conscience, and for doing so, his nature was changed !

‡ Please read this little story of Yang chuen's cruel conduct, and the fate he met for it

And you will find that Imperial Heaven protects not the heartless lover !

We have just now been relating how that Miss Neen urh, even, altho' dead, managed to exact a deadly vengeance for her wrongs ; but then it is said that her spirit came forth to avenge her ! which is a very strange, and by no means a certain circumstance.

But we are now about to relate an old story called " the lasting resentment of Miss Keaou Lwan Wang " whose wrongs were avenged in a much more natural way. This fact did not occur in the Tang dynasty, neither in the Sung dynasty, but it took place in our own or our fathers' time.

During the first year of the reign of the Emperor Teenshun,|| the Meaoutsze barbarians of Kwangse rebelled, and caused a great deal of confusion. Every place was dispatching troops to subdue or extirpate the rebels, and among others, was a Chehwny§ called Wang chung, of the Ligan military station who was bringing up a division of Chekeang soldiers,¶ but who not arriving in time, was reported to the Emperor, and in consequence degraded to the post of a Tseen hoo ;** and further, being sent to perform his duties at the centre of the military station of Nan yang, in the province of Honan, he forthwith took his family to the place of his official employment.

* See note A at the end.

† See note B at the end.

‡ The meaning of this line is very doubtful.

|| The Emperor Teen shun of the Ming dynasty ascended the throne in the year 1458.

§ About the rank of a Colonel.

¶ The Chekeang troops are reckoned the most effeminate of the Empire.

** Captain of a thousand men.

Wangchung then was upwards of sixty, and had only one son called Wangpew, who being somewhat famed for skill and valor, was detained by the Vice-roy and his Lieutenant in the army as a sort of cadet.

He had however two daughters, the elder was called Keaou Lwan and the younger Keaou fung. Lwan's age was now about eighteen and Fung's about two years less. Fung had been brought up apart from her home, and being betrothed to a cousin by the mother's side from her tender years, there only remained Lwan who had not yet been pledged to matrimony. Captain Wang had married his present wife Mrs. Chow, after the death of his first wife, and Mrs. Chow had an elder sister, who had married into the family of Tsaou, but who now, being a widow and very poor, was received into her sister's house as a sort of companion to her niece Keaou Lwan, and the whole family called her by the familiar appellation of aunt Tsaou. Now Lwan from her infancy was deeply read in books and histories, she could wield her pen and compose with classic elegance: and furthermore, being the favorite daughter, they were very careful about choosing her a partner for life, which was the reason, that altho' now marriageable, she was not yet betrothed. Frequently would she "sigh when standing in the pure breeze, or to the bright moon complain"* of the icy state of chastity to which she was doomed: Aunt Tsaou by being very intimate with her knew the feelings of her heart, but beyond her Aunt, no one else, not even her parents knew any thing about it.

One day being the Tsing ming term, she went to the back garden accompanied by Aunt Tsaou and her waiting maid to play at the

* The Chinese ladies are very fond of pouring out their complaints to the wind and the moon, or taking them to witness in any emergency. We are in the habit of speaking of the "chaste moon" which habit Byron turns into ridicule in his Don Juan, and his ideas on that point correspond pretty much with those of the Chinese. When the characters signifying the *wind* and the *moon* meet in conjunction, their meaning is generally any thing but a *chaste* one.

† A moveable feast, when the Chinese worship at the tombs of their ancestors. It usually takes place in the third month

game of the Chinese swing or roundabout by way of amusement. Just when in the very height of their noise and merriment, they suddenly espied at a gap in the garden-wall, a very fine looking young gentleman, dressed in mulberry colored clothes, and wearing on his head a cap or kerchief of the Tang dynasty, who was bending forward his head and looking on, calling out without ceasing, well done ! well done !. Keaou Lwan got into a sad flutter, her whole face became the color of scarlet, and hiding herself behind Aunt Tsaou, they precipitately made the best of their way for the fragrant apartment,* and the waiting maid went in after them. The student thus seeing no one in the garden, overleaped the wall and entered. He found the stand for the swing still where it was, and a delightful fragrance beyond conception, continued to hover about the spot. When in the midst of his surprise and wonder who this young lady might be, he all at once spied a something or other among the grass, and taking it up, found it to be a handkerchief of scented gauze, three cubits long, and finely embroidered. The student took possession of this as if it had been a pearl of great price, and hearing the sound of people coming from within, he made his exit from the garden as he had entered it. Then taking his stand as before in the gap of the wall, who should it be but the waiting maid coming to look for the gauze handkerchief ! The student seeing her go round and round, again and again, and hunt here, and there and every where until perfectly fagged, at length smiled and said to her :

“ My pretty Miss, the handkerchief having already got into another person's possession, pray what use is there looking for it any longer ? ”

The waiting maid raised her head, and seeing that it was a Sew-tsaet† who had addressed her, came forward with a “ ten thousand

* The private apartment of a Chinese lady is so called,—vulgo her bed chamber.

† A Chinese Bachelor of arts.

" blessings on you young gentleman ! I presume that it is my young master who has picked it up ? if so, please return it me, and my gratitude will be unbounded ! "

The student asked, " pray whom does the gauze handkerchief belong to ? "

The waiting maid replied, " it belongs to my young lady. "

The student rejoined, " since it belongs to your young lady, I must still have your young lady come and ask for it herself, and then I will return it her. "

" Upon this the waiting maid enquired of him : " pray where do you reside young gentleman ? "

The student made answer, " my family name is Chow, my own name is Ting chang, and I am a native of Woo keang heen district, in the foo district of Soochow. My father is professor* of the college of this place, and in consequence of his official capacity now resides here, and between our house, and your noble mansion there is nothing more than a partition wall. " (Now it so happened that the foundations of the military station and the College were on a line and almost joined each other : the former was called the eastern public Court, and the latter the western public Court, and beyond the garden was a stripe or belt of waste land which belonged to the College)

The waiting maid exclaimed, " so my noble young master is our near neighbor ! I am to blame for my rudeness in not knowing you ! I shall immediately communicate to my young lady that she has received your orders to beg the handkerchief of you herself. "

The student said, " may I be so bold as ask my young lady, and my pretty Miss' mighty names ? "

Miss replied, " my young lady's name is Keaou Lwan, she is my old

* Sze keaou is a sort of examiner or censor of the Sew tsae ; there is one to every Heen district. It is here translated professor, to avoid circumlocution.

† This expression, Shih chen, may also be translated. " I have been very " unfortunate in not sooner making your acquaintance. "

“ master’s favorite daughter : your humble servant is her bosom attendant, and my name is Ming hea. ” *

Ting chang observed, “ I have a little piece of poetry, may I trouble my pretty miss to hand it up to her young lady for me? I will speedily then return you the gauze handkerchief. ”

Ming hea did not at first like to take the poetry in charge, but being anxious once more to get the handkerchief into her possession, she could not do otherwise than consent.

The student told her that he would be obliged by her stopping a little, and with that he went off, but returned not long after, with a sheet of peach flowered paper, doubled up so as to form a *fangshing* or parallelogram.

Ming hea received the paper, and asked, “ well, and where is the gauze handkerchief ? ”

Ting chang laughed and said to her, “ that gauze handkerchief is an article beyond all price ! to obtain it was not easy, how can I consent then so easily to restore it you ! If my pretty miss will only take my poetry and hand it up for the inspection of her young lady, and bring me a reply, why---then I may restore the precious pledge ! ”

Ming hea having no more to say, wheeled about and went home to her mistress--

“ By reason only of a scented gauze handkerchief,

“ Is brought forth this my song of lasting resentment ! ”

It is related of my young lady miss Keaou Lwan, that from the moment she first saw this beautiful youth, † (altho’ she certainly felt as-

* Some of the Chinese waiting maids are very accomplished, and they often live on terms of great intimacy with their mistresses. Some are the children of respectable families, who have been compelled by want to sell their daughters as domestic slaves, others are bought up by old *procureuses* and taught numerous accomplishments for a market.

† In China it is considered improper for a young lady to be seen by a person of the other sex. This rule is however often violated and the Chinese young ladies have quite as much curiosity, and are quite as fond of seeing and of being seen as their sisters of Europe, i. e. if they know themselves to possess charms beyond common.

shamed at being seen by him) yet the word " Love " was kindled in her bosom: and tho' her mouth uttered not a syllable, yet her heart in a state of great embarrassment exclaimed, " what a fine looking, handsome young gentleman ! could I only be married to such a man, I should not have lived a clever girl in vain !

In the midst of this reverie, she saw Ming hea apparently in a great passion enter the house. Keaou Lwan asked of her, " have you got my gauze handkerchief or not ? "

Ming hea exclaimed, " it is indeed a very strange piece of business ! " the handkerchief has got into the possession of young master Chow, " who lives at the western court ! it is the same handsome young gentleman dressed in mulberry colored clothes, who was standing at the gap in the wall, crying out ' well done ' ! "

" Very well, " said Keaou Lwan, " and did you ask it of him ? that would be right ! "

Ming hea replied, " to be sure I did ! and I've also got him willing to return it me ! "

" And why did he not return it you then ? " --asked Keaou Lwan.

" Why," answered Ming hea, " he told me that his family name was Chow, and that his own name was Tingchang, that he is a native of Woo keang heen, in Soo chow foo, that his father is professor of the College in this place, and is now residing here in his official capacity, that between our two houses there is no more than one partition wall, and moreover he added, ' that as the gauze handkerchief belongs to my young lady, my young lady herself must come and beg it of me. ' "

" Indeed ! " said Keaou Lwan, " and how did you reply to all this ?

" I replied to him," said Ming hea, " that I would inform my young lady that such were his commands, when lo ! he added, I have got a verse of poetry for my young lady, which I will trouble you to hand up to her, and when you bring me her reply, I'll then return you the gauze handkerchief ! " Saying those words, Ming hea took the

peach flowered billet-doux and laid it before her young lady.

Keaou Lwan, on seeing it, felt rather pleased than otherwise, so she broke it open, and found it to contain a stanza of poetry of four lines, each line consisting of seven characters. It was to the following effect.

The handkerchief which has escaped the beauty's hand, breathes fragrance beyond measure--

And Heaven has bestowed it on an admirer, who is acquainted with the sentiment of love !

With sincere respect I send you this couplet, which I hope may speak our mutual sentiments--

And I trust to convert the handkerchief, into the scarlet thread* which will guide me to the recesses of your bridal chamber.

Now had Keaou Lwan been a girl who had a mind of her own, she would have cast away this gauze handkerchief as a thing not worth a thought, she would have taken the poetry and burned it, and told her waiting maid that she would not let such liberties pass again with impunity :--had she been so, I say, then this mighty business had come harmlessly to an end !

But Lwan, as already observed, was in the first place like a melon in season--she was marriageable, and not yet married, she was a girl who knew what "love" was and who longed after enjoyment : in the second place her head was full of talent, which she could not consent to bury in obscurity--she therefore took some of the finest flowered paper, and made answer in these eight lines.

My person is pure as a piece of jade stone, without a single speck--

I am descended of an honorable house, the members of which have been generals and ministers--

* Alluding to an old Chinese custom, not now much practised : on the evening of marriage the bride conducted the bridegroom to the marriage bed, leading him by a scarlet thread of silk, emblematical of the soft cords of love ! It may also allude to the scarlet thread with which it is said, that Yue laou, or the old man of the moon, binds the fates of man and wife together.

* Amid the silence of evening, I gaze at the moon with my mother--
In the day time, having nothing else to do, I look at the flowers alone--
The pure bluish Wootung tree, will only permit the rare phenix to
repose on it's branches--

And the chaste emerald colored bamboo--how can it consent that the
filthy crow should defile it !

I send these to the orphan-like stranger from another part of the
country--

† That he trouble not his peace of mind, in hoping for what is un-
attainable !

Ming hea having received this poetry, took it to the back garden,
where she found Ting chang still waiting for her, at the gap in the
wall. " Now Sir " said she to him, " my young lady having sent you
" an answer, I expect nothing less than that you will forthwith restore
" me the gauze handkerchief."

Ting chang took the poetry and read it once over : the more he read,
the more he admired Keaou Lwan's talents, and the more he burned
to possess her. He therefore said to Ming hea, " have a little patience
" my dear, for this note of your young lady's requires a rejoinder."
With that he retired to his library where he wrote out the following
stanza of four lines,—

If I dwell at the door of an honorable house, it is my kind fate that
has so ordained it—

Being an orphan-like stranger, I am indeed worthy of compassion—

If you will only consent that the male and female phenix‡ repose
on the same branch—

During the whole night, the sound of their joyful notes will ascend
to the ninth heaven!—

* There is also an *innuendo* implied in these two lines. See note page 7.

† Literally, take not your heart's business and have it ravelled like a ball
of hemp.

‡ Emblems of matrimonial love among the Chinese. The terms, male and
female phenix, are also often applied to lovers even altho' the marriage
ceremony may not have passed between them. See note B B at the end.

"And the handkerchief!" exclaimed Ming hea, "so you don't mean to give me that back eh? you're only going to send me with some poetry or other! I'll not take charge of it!—not I!"

Ting chang upon this drew forth from his sleeve a golden hair-pin, and said, "my pretty maiden! I beg to present this to you in the meantime, just as a trifling token of the profound respect I entertain for you; and be good enough to make my kindest compliments to your young lady.* Now Ming hea coveted the gold hair-pin, and without saying another word, took the poetry and handed it up to Keaou Lwan. Lwan having read it appeared sorrowful, and far from being satisfied. Ming hea enquired of her, if there were any expressions in the note, which had given offence to her young lady. "The student," answered Keaou Lwan "is a giddy and scoffing youth, his verses have no other object than to turn me into ridicule." Why, said Ming hea, "my young lady possesses first rate talents! would it not be a good plan to send him back a few lines upbraiding him, so as to baulk his expectations?" "No," answered Keaou Lwan, "the disposition of young folks is wild and given to levity, it would be no use *upbraiding* him: however, there will be no harm in giving him a little piece of good advice." With that she took a sheet of richly flowered paper and wrote the following eight lines.

As I was standing alone, without the hall, in the verdant shade of
the chaste bamboos—

My maid transmitted me your lines—their meaning why so deep?

† Your unique object seems lusting after forbidden pleasures—

‡ And your whole heart appears to be filled with nothing but rakish
ideas!

* In accepting the gold hair pin, or more properly the bar of gold which forms the back head piece of a Chinese lady's coiffure, Ming hea merely did what her sister abigails of Europe would have done under similar circumstances. The expression in the original is very much the same as the Spanish *digale vd. muchas cosas de mi parte*.

† Literally, your whole body is a gall, lusting after filching jade stone, and stealing fragrance.

‡ Literally, your whole heart is bent on holding a cloud, and throwing

* How can a little boy be permitted to break the branch of the Olea fragrans?

† Or the rude morning wind, roughly to blow under the pearly curtain?

‡ I would advise you Sir not to revel in foolish dreams—

|| But to exert yourself, attack your books, and endeavor to enter the College of the forest of pencils!

After this, it was tit for tat, song and chorus, reply and rejoinder, until little by little their mutual love ripened, and their intercourse by letter became unceasing. Ming hea's steps were seldom out of the back garden, and Ting chang's eyes scarcely ever left the gap in the wall: the poetry that passed between them was so voluminous, that we cannot here narrate it all.

The season of the year was now the Twan yang term§ and Captain Wang spread a little family banquet in the pavilion in the garden. Ting chang kept going backwards and forwards near his favorite spot: he knew perfectly well that the young lady herself was in the back garden, but he had no means of seeing her or speaking with her face to face, neither could Ming hea communicate a single word. While he was in the very midst of his perplexity, he unexpectedly met with a soldier of the military station whose name was Sinkew. Now this said Sinkew was also a very skilful carpenter; he was commonly employed in the military station where he acted as a sort of police serjeant, and was moreover frequently in the College, where they employed him as a workman. Ting chang then on meeting Sinkew, forthwith wrote

rain about. These expressions are neither chaste nor refined, and do not speak much for the *delicacy* of our heroine.

* See note C at the end. † See note D at the end.

‡ i. e. The sound or symptom of levity, ought not to enter the chaste precincts of the harem.

|| i. e. Study hard, and try to become a Han lin, or member of the Royal Academy the highest literary grade in the Empire.

§ The fifth day of the 5th moon, a great Chinese holiday.

out a verse of poetry, which he sealed up carefully, and taking two hundred cash, gave them to the soldier to buy himself a cup of wine, entrusting him at the same time with the letter, which he was instructed to hand over to Miss Ming hea. Sinkew when he had received a man's pay, was an honest enough fellow in discharging the duty he was engaged for, so he waited till next morning, when spying a good opportunity, he slipped the letter into Ming hea's hand, who in her turn handed it up to her young lady. Keaou Lwan accordingly broke it open and perused it. There was a small introduction which said. "On the festival of the Twan yang, I looked for my young lady Keaou Lwan in the garden, and not seeing her, my mouth uttered the following verse impromptu :—

I have spun the party colored thread, with which I had hoped to have bound our destinies together--

* I have poured out the full goblet, spiced with the Chang poo leaf, which I had expected to have pledged with you !

† But clouds sunder the river of our mutual sympathies, I see not her who is the delight of my eyes--

‡ And like the beauteous sun-flower, in vain my heart turns to the god of day !

At the end of the billet-doux were these words; "Chow Ting chang of Sung ling who scribbled this, presents his best respects."

Keaou Lwan having read this love letter, placed it on the top of her book stand. She then in course went to comb her hair, not yet having made a reply, when unexpectedly Aunt Tsaou entered the fragrant apartment, and seeing a scribbled sheet of poetry, gave a great start and exclaimed : "ah ! Miss Keaou ! if you have these clandestine goings-on

* The wine drank on the Twan yang festival is so spiced. It operates as a charm in keeping off evil spirits.

† See note E at the end. ‡ Something like the same simile is to be found in one of Moore's beautiful songs, altho' a little differently employed. As the sun-flower turns to her god when he sets,
'The same look that she did when he rose.

in the western outhouse,* why not have the landlord of the eastern path to direct you? How could you ever think of concealing this piece of business from *me*?

Keaou Lwan blushed and replied, altho' we have been stringing a few rhymes together, the thing has not indeed gone any further! Were it so, I should not dare to conceal it from my dear aunt!

Aunt Tsaou remarked, this young student Chow is a sewtsae of Keang nan province; your respective families are much upon a par, why not desire him to send a go-between† to arrange matters? You would then complete a matrimonial connexion for life, and would not this be a good plan?

Keaou Lwan nodded her head and said, yes—and when her toilet was finished, she made answer in the following eight lines—

Eighteen years have I been locked up in the deepest recesses of the harem—

The sound or sight of dissipation has never been permitted to breathe thro' it's pearly curtain!

Who knows that my embroidered bed-clothes are warm and fragrant? or who knows to the contrary?

For under my costly hangings, cold as spring, I love to sleep alone!

‡ When awake, I dread to hear the note of the solitary cuckoo, as it reminds me of my unmarried state—

|| When asleep, I feel grieved should wedded butterflies wrap themselves in my dreams, they are so much happier than I!

* This alludes to a well known chinese novel called the *Se seang* (lit. the western outhouse), which relates the intrigues of Miss Tsuy: (see note H at the end). The latter part of Aunt Tsaou's speech implies that she ought to have a person older than herself to direct her loves or play the part of a go-between—and see that all is done correctly.

† In China all marriages are settled by a go-between, who is a very responsible personage. In one of their classic works, the *Heaou king*; is the following singular passage. "There is a difference between men and brutes in their amours, men employ a go-between, but brutes do not." The go-between is indispensable to a Chinese marriage.

‡ Literally, when alive . || Literally, when dead.

My love! if you have indeed a sentiment of mutual pity and affection--

You will do well to employ the go-between* to communicate a word in season!

Ting chang having received this poetry, forthwith made use of his father's name, and by telling a falsehood engaged Chaou heo kew† (or the examiner) to go to Captain Wang's house, and solicit the honor of his relationship by marriage. Now, altho' Captain Wang had a high opinion of both the student's talents and personal appearance, yet Keaou Lwan was his favorite daughter: moreover, she was thoroughly skilled in literature of all kinds, he himself was an old man, every public document, every letter that passed thro' the bureau of the military station, he depended upon his daughter to help him with, he could not possibly do without her, nor could he suffer the idea of her being taken away to a distant part of the country; for these reasons he doubted and delayed, and in fine would make no promise.

Ting chang knew that he would not succeed in his attempt to marry her, and his heart felt as if it had been stabbed. Under these feelings he wrote the following letter to the young lady, putting at the top, "your friend, and younger brother Ting chang of Sung ling, sends up this rough scrawl with compliments--

"From the first moment that I saw your lovely face, my wandering soul has known no rest! Husband and wife are ordained in a previous state of existence,‡ until death they mate with no other: and this day the go-between having acquainted me that no time can be fixed upon—my goddess still remains locked in the deepest recesses of the fragrant apartment, and I am like unto the Emperor Tae tsung of the Tang dynasty,|| when in a dream he left the palace of the moon, and sought to woo the nymph Chang go in vain! or if I wish

* Literally, the man of ice.

† This person played the part of—what is called in Scotland, a blackfoot.

‡ There is a Spanish proverb to the same effect, vizt: *casamiento y mortaja, del cielo baja.* || See note C at the end.

“ to cross the flower garden, I am as the bridegroom Keen new,* who,
 “ separated from his bride by the milky way, fruitlessly longs after the
 “ interdicted Chih neu! If you again delay months and days, your
 “ poor student must die young, without a name, † unknowing and
 “ unknown; and if he cannot marry you, even in death he will not
 “ close his eyes in peace!

“ With great effort, I have composed a stupid stanza of eight lines,
 “ upon which I humbly hope you will cast a look of compassion!” The
 poetry was to the following effect:

No happy day is fixed for our marriage, to console my wounded
 feelings!

Alas! the spring time of life, is worth a thousand pieces of gold!

When sorrow comes upon me at the place of study, ‡ I drown it
 in three cups of wine--

When overwhelmed with grief, I take my guitar, and sing a song
 before the flowers!

My love is well off! she finds employment in the deep recesses of
 the harem--

But I amid stillness and silence bewail my sorrows to my lonely
 curtain!

My love! this night at dusk, when the moon is sad and solitary
 as we--

Will you permit me to unburden my heart, while clasping each
 other's hands?

Keaou Lwan having read this, without loss of time wrote the fol-
 lowing letter in reply. At the top of it she put, “Keaou Lwan the
 favorite daughter of the chief of the military station, ¶ with best re-
 spects presents this rough copy.”

“ When the light lilies spot the surface of the limpid wave, and

* See note F at the end. † Literally, die in the common sewer.

‡ Literally, beneath the cold window.

¶ Literally, the Tiger public court. The tiger among the Chinese is the
 emblem of the military profession.

" when the leaves of gossamer gently fly against my curtain--before
 " the pavilion for adoring the bright moon, I listlessly confront the
 " east wind,* and hearken to the notes of the solitary cuckoo†: or
 " beneath the window for painting my eye brows, I endeavor to pass
 " my dreary days, in embroidering the Yuen and Yang!‡ Just as I
 " was getting disgusted with my toilet, your poetry suddenly dropped
 " upon the fragrant table! I now begin to perceive your meaning,
 " and that I am unlimitedly, the mistress of your heart. Alas! the
 " hapless beauty is indeed to be pitied, who thus kills with chagrin,
 " her too-loving swain! When your letters come, they only double
 " my distraction, and so often as I receive your verses, so often do
 " they increase my feeling of loneliness! Cease to jump over the
 " eastern wall, or to learn the practice of stealing flowers.§ but look up
 " to the north star, the place whence honors flow, and mount upon a
 " heart for plucking the olea fragrans § Having no go-between before
 " your eyes, endeavour to find a mistress in your books, and as for me,
 " my love for you is returned in this enclosure. Please to ask no
 " news of my messenger. I thus respectfully respond to your burn-
 " ing lines, and looking up hope that you will pardon me." The
 poetry was as follows.--

The autumn moon and the spring flowers are also not without their loves.¶

These likewise know that as respects themselves, their value is more than a thousand pieces of gold!

* The east wind, denotes infidelity in a lover.

† The cuckoo represents a person who lives and dies without meeting a partner for life.

‡ The Yuen and Yang, or male and female mandarin ducks are the emblems of matrimony. The expression in the original means figuratively, that, she had been amusing herself with hopes of marriage which were vain.

§ I. e. don't invade the landlord or master's premises, in order to debauch his woman-kind, as did Chang kung in the Se seang.

§ See note C at the end.

¶ In the original.—Keou Lwan's poetry ends with the same characters, that Ting chang's ended in, but she artfully uses these characters so as to give them a different meaning.

But you must spy the countenance of Han Seang tsze, and endeavor to get to the azure locked apartment.*

And as for me I must blush to hear at the east wall, the guitar of the assignment—making Tsuy.†

My foolish thoughts I henceforth dissolve into ether,

And as for your charming verses, I shall merely recite them in my dreams!

This life we can be nothing more than a mere platonic brother and sister.

So stop till the life to come, when we may love each other with all the warmth of affection!

Ting chang having looked over the letter, praised and sighed without end, but on reading the poetry, when he came to the last couplet vizt, "This life we can be nothing more than a mere platonic brother and sister &c.", a plan suddenly suggested itself to him. "Why!" exclaimed he, "a long time ago Chang kung's marriage was brought about with Miss Tsuy‡ (as the story goes) by their first having a clandestine amour as brother and sister! Now Mrs. Wang is of the same family name as myself (i. e. Chow) why should I not pay my respects to her, and beg her to become my adopted aunt! || I might then come and go as a relation of the family, and from such an advantageous position.—I could not fail to reap some little benefit!"

Having laid this plan, he made use of a false pretext to his father, saying, that the precincts of the College were cramped and confined, that the students there were perpetually raising a racket, and that in fine he wanted the back garden of the military station where he might pursue his studies.

Professor Chow himself, first opened his mind on the subject to Captain Wang. The old officer gave his consent, and remarked,

* See note G at the end.

† See note H at the end.

‡ See note H at the end.

|| This is a very common custom in China.

“ that as we are of equal rank, your son may remain and partake of our family fare, I will not trouble you to send him his meals.”

Old Mr. Chow thanked the other gentleman most heartily, and returning home, recounted all these circumstances to his son. Ting chang said in reply: “ altho’ I may accept this proof of the great kindness of Mr. Wang, yet seeing that he is not a relation, neither is he an old friend, I feel some repugnance to give him so much trouble. The best plan will be for your boy, to get ready some little present or other and beg Mrs. Chow to become my adopted Aunt! Thus aunt and nephew living together in the same house, will wonderfully save appearances!”

Now professor Chow was a foolish sort of man, his only object was to gain some little advantage or other to himself, so he merely observed, “ very well, my son may act in this matter just as it pleases him.”

Upon this Ting chang requested a person to communicate the same to old Mr. Wang and his lady, and choosing a lucky day out of the almanack,* he got ready some of the finest colored silks, and a consideration in money for the use of the books,† then writing out his calling card in which he styled himself nephew by the lady’s side, he went to their house to have his relationship recognized. Oh! his respect—it was very servile! oh! his relationship—it was truly an intimate relationship!

Now old Mr. Wang, be it remembered, was a military man, ‡ and liked nothing better than flattery, so he requested the young gentleman to walk into the private hall, and desired his wife and family to come out and make his acquaintance. Aunt Tsaou was also re-

* The Chinese like the Romans always consult their augurs before undertaking any business of importance.

† This might give offence to a European, but it is the invariable custom in China.

‡ The military profession and those engaged in it, are not held in such high esteem in China, as in most countries of Europe.

cognized as an aunt of his own, and Keaou Lwan became his fair cousin, and they all reciprocated their bows and courtesies at the same time. Old Mr. Wang spread a little banquet in the back hall, and as is wont, when meeting a relation, the whole family ate at the same table.* Ting chang and Keaou Lwan were both in secret well pleased; at the festive board their amorous glances came and went, but of this there is no occasion to speak. That day when the little feast broke up, their happiness was at the full!

In their marriage—whether they are to love or to hate each other, is a mystery which we may yet enquire into—

But what steps the lover took—when a stranger, and when a relation, are now being distinctly traced.

Next day old Mr. Wang got the library put in order, and received therein his adopted nephew Ting chang, that he might pursue his studies. He had at the same time good sense enough to cut off all communication between the inner and outer apartments, and to that end put the former under lock and key, nor would he suffer any of the ladies of the house, to enter the flower garden. Ting chang's meals, and any little things that he required, were supplied him from an out-house, so that tho' they now formed but one family, communication whether orally or by letter, was quite out of the question.

Let us now remark in reference to Keaou Lwan, that tho' her virtue like the bark of the pine tree still remained entire, yet her tender passions had been aroused: these had been still further inflamed by the amorous oeillades exchanged at table, and how could she now endure the torturing thought, that in the garden was her male phoenix, from whom she was thus cruelly torn apart! Her grief at the commencement having no conductor to turn it off, changed to disgust, which in it's turn induced sickness: in the mornings she was chilly, in the evenings in a burning fever, her meals afforded her no sustenance, and

* Generally, the Chinese ladies eat by themselves.

in vain her father consulted soothsayers * and physicians, they brought her no relief. Tingchang several times went to the inner hall to enquire how she did, but old Mr. Wang would only permit his compliments to be sent in to the young lady; he would on no account permit him to enter her room.

Tingchang bethought him of a scheme: he told a falsehood and said, that "when he lived formerly at Keangnan, he had some knowledge of the medical art. He felt just then at a loss to say which complaint it was that so afflicted his fair cousin, but could he only feel her pulse, he would know it in a moment."

Mr. Wang mentioned this circumstance to his wife, and moreover desired Ming hea to communicate it to her young lady, after which he requested Tingchang to enter the fragrant apartment. The student then sat himself down by Keaou Lwan's bedside, under the pretence that he had no other object than to feel her pulse. This he felt a little, but as Mr. Wang and his lady were both present, he had no opportunity of carrying on any conversation, he merely said, "take care of yourself my dear cousin," and left the room. He then remarked to the old gentleman, saying, "my fair cousin's complaint has been brought on by vexation and disgust: you must get some roomy shed or other where she may be able to stroll about and take exercise, so as to rouse her spirits. Her female companions ought also to do every thing to cheer her, so that she may get rid of this ennui which consumes her. There is no occasion for any medicine."

Old Mr. Wang was in the habit of believing Tingchang at all times, and now had less occasion than ever to mistrust him; so he said simply in reply, that "in his public Court there was no roomy shed, nor indeed any thing of the kind, excepting the pavilion in the back garden."

This was exactly the point which Ting chang was driving at: and he rejoined, "if my fair cousin should wish at any, or at all times to

* Among the Chinese it is as customary to consult the one, as the other.

"stroll in the back garden, I fear that your nephew's being there may be inconvenient? I shall therefore beg in the meantime for permission to go home."

"No!" said Mr. Wang, "since you are now as brother and sister, why should I suspect you, or throw obstacles in your way?" That very day he caused the back door to be opened, and taking the key, handed it over to aunt Tsaou to take care of. He further desired that lady to attend her niece, who, he requested, should be allowed to roam and romp about as much as ever she pleased:--Ming hea was also to be in waiting and was commanded not to stir from her mistress a single step. With all these precautions which he considered absolutely perfect, the old gentleman's mind was set at rest!

We may again remind the reader, that it was thinking too much about her lover the young student Chow, which had at first led to Keaou Lwan falling sick; but having had her pulse felt by him, and being now permitted to ramble thro' the garden *ad libitum*, attended only by people in whom she had implicit confidence, she felt so delighted, that fully half of her complaint left her in a moment! She was now continually coming to the pavilion in the garden, where she and Ting chang saw each other frequently, they walked together, they sate together, and even sometimes would she be prevailed on to join him in a cup of tea at his studies, until at length, little by little they paid no heed to the strict barrier which law and custom have placed between the sexes in China,* for they sate side by side, they clasped each other's hands, and gave numerous, tho' hitherto innocent tokens of their burning love.

Ting chang at length seized an opportunity when no one was present, to urge his suit, and earnestly implored for a glance at the fragrant chamber.

* So very strict is this barrier, that by the letter of the Rites and Ceremonies a male is not permitted to give even so much as a letter into the hands of a female. He ought to leave it on a table or chair and allow her to take it up. Shaking hands *à l'anglaise* is an abomination.

Keaou Lwan stole a look towards the spot where aunt Tsaou stood, and answered in a low whisper, " the key is in *her* possession, my brother must himself beg it of her ! "

Tingchang in an instant comprehended her meaning, and next day having purchased two pieces of the finest silks, and a pair of gold bracelets, he employed Minghea to lay them before Aunt Tsaou. This good lady forthwith hid away to her niece and said to her, " young master Chow has been sending me a very handsome present ! I'm sure I don't know what his meaning can be by so doing " !

" Why," said Keaou Lwan, " he is a young and thoughtless student, and not without his faults, I presume he means by his present to solicit my kind aunt's indulgence ! "

Aunt Tsaou replied, " what is most at heart with you two young folks, I know perfectly, but whatever intercourse you may have, I will never, never, disclose it ! " Saying these words, she took the key, and handed it over to Minghea.

Lwan's heart was delighted, and she instantly wrote the following stanza to Tingchang.

In secret I take these words, and send them to my lord—

But do not inconsiderately open your lips to other people !

This night the door of the fragrant apartment will not be locked,

And when the moon changes the shadows of the flowers, let my lover come !

On receiving these lines, Tingchang's joy was without bounds ! That night when it was already dusk, and the watch-man's first drum* had sounded, he with slow and stealthy steps bent his way to the inner section of the house, and the back door being ajar, he sideways slipped himself thro'. From that day, when he felt her pulse in her bedroom, and returned by the backgarden, he had but a slender recollection of the passage, so he moved along slowly :—but at length seeing the rays of a lamp, and Minghea standing waiting for him at the door,

* The first watch is from seven till nine P. M.

he quickened his pace, and walked straight into the young lady's chamber. Tingchang made her a low bow, and wished to clasp her in his arms, but Lwan pushed him off, and desired Minghea to call aunt Tsaou to come and sit with her.

At this the student's hopes were greatly baulked ! and all the bitterness of disappointed love rising up before his eyes, he upbraided her with change of mind, and his tears were about to flow. Lwan seeing him in this state, observed, "I am a virtuous maiden, and you, Sir, are " I believe no rake; alas ! it is only because the youth possesses talent, " and the fair one beauty, that we thus love, thus compassionate each " other ! I, having clandestinely admitted you to my apartment, now " hold myself your's for ever !—and you, Sir, were you now to cast me " off, would not this be a poor return for the implicit confidence I " repose in you ? No ! you must here, in the presence of the all seeing " gods, swear to live with me as man and wife till both our heads " are white with age !—if you aim at any irregularity beyond this, " tho' you slay me, yet will I not consent !" She spoke these words with great earnestness, and had scarce finished when aunt Tsaou arrived. This lady in the first instance thanked Tingchang for the handsome present he had sent her during the day, and the young gentleman in return implored her to play the part of a go-between and marry them. He swore to be a most faithful and loving husband : and his imprecations, if false, flowed from his mouth like a torrent. Under these circumstances, aunt Tsaou thus addressed them both : " My beloved " nephew and niece, since you wish that I play the go-between, you " must begin by writing out conjointly, four copies of a marriage con- " tract. The first copy we shall take and burn before Heaven and " Earth, so as to call the good and evil spirits to witness what we are " now about.* Another copy you will leave with me the go-between, " as proof, if at some future day your love towards each other should " wax cold :—and each of you should preserve a copy, as a pledge that

* A curious Chinese custom, said to be introduced by the Bhuddists.

“one day or another, you will join the bridal cups, and go thro’ the other forms of a regular marriage. If the woman deceive the man—may the swift lightning strike her dead! if the man deceive the woman—may unnumbered arrows slay his body! and further, may he or she again receive the punishment of their crime in the City of the Dead, by sinking into the hell of darkness * for ever and ever!”

Aunt Tsaou pronounced the curse in a most solemn and touching manner, that struck awe for a moment into the hearts of both the student and Lwan; with mutual fondness however, they set about writing out the several copies of the marriage contract, which being solemnly sworn to, they knelt in humble worship before Heaven and Earth, and afterwards returned their hearty thanks to aunt Tsaou. This lady then producing rich fruits and mellow wine, pledged each of them in a cup, and wished them joy as man and wife. † This continued until the third drum, (midnight) when aunt Tsaou taking her leave, the student hand in hand with Lwan ascended the nuptial couch, and the pleasures of matrimony are too well known to require further amplification.

At the fifth drum (3 to 5 in the morning) Lwan urged the student to rise, and laid the following strong injunction upon him: “As I have now given my person to you for life, you must never, never, turn your back upon my goodness! Remember that the all-seeing gods are above us; it is indeed hard to escape their piercing glance! after this, when I have leisure, I shall send Minghea, to wait upon you, and receive you. Do not upon any account act giddily; you will thereby provoke the slanderous remarks of other people!” Ting-chang, word for word, promised to do as she had commanded him, and

* In the original 鄆都 Fung too. This is a prison connected with the Hell of mill stones, over which 泰山王 Tae shan wang, one of the ten kings of Hades, (according to the Bhuddists) presides. The souls of the dead may be rescued from the other nine hells, but when once locked up in “Fung too” *c'en est fait d'elles*, it is all up with them.

† Such clandestine marriages don't often take place in China.

he still lingering about, loath to depart, she hastily called Minghea, and desired her to conduct him out by the garden.

The same day Lwan sent the student the two following stanzas of eight lines each.--*

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Tingchang had also his reply in the same strain.

From this time Lwan got perfectly cured of her complaint, and the key of the back door resembled an unstrung bow, in being put to no use whatever. Every third day, or every fifth day, Lwan was sure to dispatch Ming hea to call the student, and their intercourse being so frequent, their love grew even stronger than before.

Thus upwards of half a year rolled on, when Professor Chow's term of public Office being completed, he was promoted to be chief magistrate of Go-me district in the province of Szechuen. Such was the ardent affection that the student bore towards Lwan at that time, that it would not permit him to leave her, in order to accompany his father. So he made an excuse, saying, that he was rather unwell, that he stood in dread of the hardships to be encountered on the road to Szechuen,† that moreover his education was not yet completed, that teacher and pupil took kindly to each other, and, in short, he begged to be left where he was, that he might advantageously pursue his studies. Professor Chow was daily in the habit of giving in to his son, there was indeed nothing which the young gentleman said, that the old one would not accede to; so on the day when his father set off on his journey, Tingchang merely gave him convoy a little way beyond the City, and returned on "love's light wings" to the mistress of his heart. Poor Lwan felt deeply grateful to the student, for thus manag-

* For a reason hinted at in our preface, we are compelled to omit these lines. We would not for the world, hurt the feelings of our squeamish reader.

† Szechuen is a mountainous province on the west of China, and the climate is reported to be very trying to the constitution.

ing to remain behind, and that very day invited him to a conference, where their ardent affection was confirmed.

Again half a year and more rolled down the stream of time, during which period the pages of poetry that passed between them were exceedingly numerous, so much so, that to record them all were impossible. One day when Tingchang was looking over the Peking Gazette, he saw that his father, not agreeing with the climate of Go me, had announced his sickness to the Emperor, and begged permission to return to his native place. Now Tingchang had been long away from home:--on one hand, his bowels yearned to see his parents once more, while on the other hand, his strong love for Lwan held him to the spot where he was, and he could not brook the idea of being parted from her. Thus being beset by difficulties on both sides, the characters of grief began to be legible on his countenance. Lwan enquired, and finally discovered the cause of his sorrow, when setting wine before him, she addressed him to the following effect. "The love of husband and wife, is indeed deep as the lakes and seas, but high heaven itself cannot be compared to that bond of natural affection, which unites father and son! If you, sir, by hankering after a clandestine amour, should neglect to perform the manifest duty you owe your parents, not only will you thereby be departing from the principle of piety which ought to guide *you* as a son, but you will be causing *me* to forget what I owe you, as your wife also!" Aunt Tsaou too exhorted the student to the same effect. "These stolen interviews," said she, "that you at present enjoy, cannot be considered in the same light, as a regular marriage which would unite your destinies for ever! The best plan for you, young gentleman, is--in the meantime to go home to your native place, and when you are paying those marks of respect to your parents, which the rites exact, consult with them, and settle at once this matrimonial piece of business. You will thus be able speedily to fulfil your oath, getting rid thereby of the racking anxiety of sundered love!"

Tingchang's heart being still undecided, Keaou Lwan requested Aunt Tsaou to take up all the circumstances connected with the young gentleman's desire to return home, and state them distinctly to her father. That very day was again the Twan yang term, and old Mr. Wang spread a little farewell banquet in honor of his nephew, and further presented him with a handsome sum for his expenses on the road. Under these circumstances Tingchang's sense of propriety would no longer permit him to delay, or make further excuses, so he could not do less than put his baggage in order, and gird up his loins for the journey.

That night Lwan set out wine in the fragrant apartment, and sent an invitation to Tingchang. There she again went over all the circumstances of their previous oath, and again they fixed upon, as it were, their wedding day. Aunt Tsaou also sate by their side; they conversed the live long night, nor did balmy sleep once seal up their eyes.

When about to depart, Lwan asked the student to leave with her the place of his abode. Tingchang enquired for what reason. "Nothing," said Lwan, "merely in case of your not coming speedily, I may perhaps send a few lines to you." The student caught up a pencil and wrote the following sentence.

When I think of my relations a thousand miles off, I must return to Soo chow--

My family dwell in Woo keang town, the seventeenth division--

You must ask for the mouth of the Shwang yang rivulet, in the South Ma--

And at the bottom of the Yenling bridge stands the house of Woo, the Grain Inspector.

Tingchang said farther by way of explanation--"The name of our family is properly speaking Woo, and one of my ancestors, a long time ago, in fulfilling the duties of a tithing man, was very famous for the way in which he managed the grain intrusted to him, hence we are called the family of Woo, the grain inspector: Chow is the

" name of another family into which we have been adopted. Altho' to
 " satisfy you, my love, I have written out these lines, yet is there little
 " occasion for them, seeing the vehemence of my desire to return to
 " you. While separated from you, days will seem years ! The longest
 " that I can possibly be away is a year, the shortest, about half that
 " time, when I will most certainly bring my father's card in my hand,
 " and come myself to claim you as my bride ! As I live !—I will
 " never, never, permit my Beauty of the Harem to be a prey to anxie-
 " ty and suspense ! "

Having thus spoken, they embraced each other and wept. Gradually, " nights candles being burnt out, the envious streaks of day, " did lace the severing clouds, in the far east " when Lwan herself, accompanied her lover out of the garden. There is on record, a stanza of eight lines in couplets to the following purport.—

Ting Chang.

" Bound together by mutual sympathy, as fish to the water, so have
 we been evidently created for each other !

" But alas ! when I think of my parents far away, I am compelled
 to tear myself from you ! "

Keaou Lwan.

" In the flower garden henceforward, who will look with me at the
 bright moon ?

" In the fragrant apartment from this, I care not about playing at
 chess ! "

Ting Chang.

" I only fear lest your person being far distant from me, your love
 may also grow cold !

" I feel no anxiety about my literary essays not being complete, I
 only dread lest my happiness be not complete ! "

Keaou Lwan.

" I droop my head and speak not, but the feelings of my heart are
 perfectly alive to what is going on !

"Tho' overcome with grief at the thoughts of parting, I perforce assume a look of content and satisfaction!" *

In a moment more it was broad day light, and the horse that was to bear the student from his bride, stood at the door ready saddled and bridled. Mr. Wang got wine ready in the inner hall, and his wife and the other ladies assembled for the stirrup cup or parting glass.† Ting chang again made an obeisance and took his leave. Lwan, finding that her grief was getting the better of her, and that she was about to burst into tears, silently stole away to her apartment, where she caught up a piece of black silk, such as is used on these occasions, and wrote thereon a verse of eight lines. This she gave to Ming hen, and desired her to wait for a favorable opportunity when Ting chang was mounting his horse, privately to put it into his hand. The student, when on horseback, broke it open, and read as follows.—

We have grasped each other's lily hands, and sate side by side—

And now compelled to part—how can I bear up against two torrents of tears !

Before your horse, my love, shall have distanced yon mournful willow — ‡

My heart shall have gone before you, far as the white clouds beyond !

I will adhere to the rules of chastity as firmly as did the unfortunate lady Keang — ||

Or as you, sir, in esteeming the five relations of mankind—are of the class of the dutiful Min keen. §

When your aim is accomplished, do you speedily turn your head, and bend your steps hitherward —

For your poor girl of the harem, is thin, and unable to endure so much troubled sleep !

* I perforce take my parting tears, and dress therewith my arched eyebrows.

† This is as much observed in China, as in the Highlands of Scotland.

‡ The place of parting, in Chinese, is emblematically expressed, by the long pavilion, the weeping willow &c. &c.

|| See note I at the end,

§ See note K at the end.

Ting chang having read these lines, his tears flowed afresh, and while pursuing his solitary route he was continually meeting some little thing or other, that brought his love to mind ; nor during the whole of the journey, were his thoughts for an instant diverted from his beloved Lwan !

But let us not indulge in irrelevant discourse. After a few days then, he arrived at his home in Woo Keang, where he saw his parents, and the whole house echoed with joy at his arrival.

Now the fact was, that his father had just made an arrangement of a matrimonial nature for his son—with the member of a family of the same place, vizt, that of Wei, the assistant Foo magistrate, and was at that time anxiously hoping for his son's return, in order to send the marriage presents, and conclude the match. The student, when he first heard of this, was by no means pleased, but making enquiries and learning afterwards, that Miss Wei was an incomparable beauty, that her father the magistrate was a man of prodigious wealth, and that the dowry would be immense—he coveted the pelf, he lusted after the young lady, and, in one word, forgot his previous oath ! After half a year Miss Wei crossed his threshold ; man and wife took to each other kindly, and, in short, he knew not now that such a being as Miss Keaou Lwan Wang was in existence !

He only knows her, who is now his new and beauteous bride—

He cares not for his former love, who anxiously waiting his return, bores as it were, the very clouds with her eyes !

Let us now say a word or two about poor Keaou Lwan. At the time when she advised the student to go home to his friends, she was prompted so to do, by the feelings which actuate a virtuous, as well as an intelligent girl. Yet no sooner was he gone, than she could not help being racked by anxiety ! During the day she felt cheerless and forlorn—at night she was wretched and lonely :—before the pale lamp her own shadow was her only companion—and beneath the curtain was now no one with whom to exchange the soft whispers of love !

Whenever she met the autumn moon or the spring flowers, her dreams were interrupted and her spirit was troubled ! *

Upwards of a year had now sped on, and strange to say, she had not received the slightest intelligence of her absent lover ! One day Minghea came running in, in a great hurry, and exclaimed, " Sister ! sister ! I dare say you would like to send a letter to your husband " Mr. Chow, would not you ? " Lwan asked of her, " where have " you got this delightful opportunity ? " Minghea replied, " it is only " this moment that Sinkew told me of it ! A man has just now arrived with a public document from the military station at Lingan, " now Lingan, you know, is in the Hangchow district, and to return " thither he must pass thro' Woo keang, so it is a very convenient " way of sending a letter ! " † Keon Lwan said, " since we have " such a good opportunity of sending a few lines, you may tell Sinkew " to desire the messenger not to go away yet. "

Upon this she drew up a letter without loss of time, in which she hinted indirectly at the pains of parting, and enjoined him to lose no time in returning to Nan yang, to act up to the letter of their marriage contract ; thus setting her mind at rest, by completing a matrimonial arrangement for life, with the knowledge and consent of the parents of both parties. The letter being too long, we do not insert it. At the close of the letter were ten verses of poetry, of which we merely transcribe the first, which was as follows.

Since we parted on the Twan yang term--strange to say I have heard
no news of you !

In two distant lands we only see each other, by gazing at the bright
moon ! ‡

* These brought to her notice the pairing of birds and other emblems of complete connubial happiness.

† There are no posts in China, at least not on the same system as our's are in Europe.

‡ The moon is often called poetically the jade stone looking glass. Lovers when far apart, see, or fancy they see, the figure of each other reflected in it.

While from a sense of duty to your parents, you have left my father's house.—

Do not suffer your affections to be made captive, by wine and by the fair ones* of Woo city!

Within the tower of the rambling genii, I cast lots, to see when we shall meet again after so long an absence—

Before the pavilion for worshipping the moon, I enquire how long we may live, and when we shall die!†

I send this, my lord, from a desire that you may awake from your lethargy—

And come hither to share the humble viands, prepared by your faithful spouse!‡

The following eight lines were also written on the envelope.

I will trouble the bearer to take this letter, and present it at a public court in Woo city—

The family of which are of the greatest respectability,|| worthy indeed to be boasted of!

Their ancestors have dwelt for a long time, in the house of a certain Grain Inspector—

And the distinguished father at this moment, holds the office of a Seuen hwa!§

If you already know the eastern part of the building, the western will not be far off—

Only take care that you don't make a mistake, and go to the north Ma instead of the south Ma!

If you meet any one on the road, you must ask of him, "pray sir
"In what pretty little hamlet, is the bridge of Yen ling?"

* Literally, by the flowers and wine of Woo City.

† The most intelligent, and best educated of the Chinese, are not entirely free from these superstitious practices.

‡ Literally, come with me your concubine to stir the soup about.

|| Literally, the face or front of the door is as spring wind.

§ An ancient mandariship, about equal to a modern Che heen.

Lwan further took two silver hair pins, and gave them to the bearer, as a remuneration, for taking charge of her letter.*

'This letter had been gone upwards of seven months, and strange to say, not a syllable had been heard in reply! It was now about the beginning of the year, when upon enquiry they learned, that in the military station beyond theirs, was a Mr. Chang, a merchant, who was going to the city of Foo chow to buy goods. Keaou Lwan forthwith took a couple of golden flowers, which she requested Sin kew to present to Mr. Chang, begging him at the same time, that he would be kind enough to take charge of a letter for her. The purport of this letter was much the same as the previous one, and there were also ten verses of poetry, the first of which was to the following effect.

Spring now again smiles upon mankind, and all nature is fresh and happy—

But she of the fragrant apartment, has her soul torn from her by an absent lover!

The east wind is indeed boisterous and uncertain, but you sir, are more uncertain than he—

The bright moon is completely round, but my happiness, alas! is far from being at the full!

Our loves being blended—if you wish it, you can easily gain the consent of your parents†—

But in the wide expanse of heaven, I have no plan for commissioning the phenix!‡

These painful feelings that rend my heart—to whom shall I disclose them?

I send them to you my love—that you may slowly and carefully peruse!

* This "postage" of a letter they commonly call "wine money" or "betelnut money" &c.

† Literally, the white hairs.

‡ I. e., it is not properly speaking *my* business, neither is it in *my* power to employ the go-between to arrange matters. That rests with *you*.

On the cover were also these four lines.

Not far from Soo chow, is Woo keang—

And there lives one of the surname Woo, whose family have been
for ages, Grain Inspectors at the south Ma !

I enjoin my messenger that he give good heed—

And enquire of my lover his news !

Now, Mr. Chang the merchant was an honest man, and a man of his word—so no sooner had he finished purchasing his goods, which was the express object of his visit to Soo chow, than he set off for Woo keang, intending to present the letter with his own hands. Just as he was upon the long bridge there, enquiring his way, in a happy moment, who should pass but Chow Ting chang himself ! who hearing a man speak with a Honan accent, and farther ask for the house of Woo the Grain Inspector, knew by sympathy that this must be a man entrusted with a letter from Keaou Lwan : moreover he felt alarmed lest it should fall into other hands, by which the secret of his being previously married might be known ; so stepping forward he made a low bow, announced his name, and begged Mr. Chang to accompany him to the next tavern, to join him in a friendly glass of wine. Here he broke open the letter, and having perused it, borrowed paper, pen and ink from the landlord, with which he wrote a very hurried reply, saying by way of excuse, that his father was not yet thoroughly well, and that he was even then employed in waiting on physicians and administering medicines, which was the reason why he had missed the happy time appointed for their meeting again, but that he hoped ere long to have the pleasure of seeing her face to face, and begged that in the meantime, she would not afflict herself with anxious thoughts. On the back of the letter, he wrote that he had borrowed writing materials by the way side, which was the reason why he was so brief &c. &c., for which he begged that she would be kind enough to excuse him.

Mr. Chang having received this letter returned in the course of ..

few days to Nan yang, when he gave it to Sin kew, who in his turn handed it up to his young lady Lwan. This unfortunate young lady, having torn open the letter, devoured the contents with eager haste, and tho' it did not specify any time for her lover's return, yet it held out *a hope*, and served as "painting cakes does to appease one's hunger, or looking at plums to allay one's thirst." * After three or four months more however had rolled on, and as before, strange to say, not a word of news reaching her concerning her husband, poor Lwan's fortitude gave way, and in despair she addressed Aunt Tsaon—"Ting chang's words alas! have deceived my ear!" but her Aunt interrupted her saying "his written oath is here in my possession, and above is the searching glance of High Heaven! think you, that of all mankind, Mr. Chow alone fears not to die?"

One day they unexpectedly heard that a man had arrived from their native place Lingan. This was indeed no other than a special messenger, sent to communicate the joyful tidings, that Keaon Fung, Lwan's younger sister, had been safely delivered of a fine boy.

Poor Lwan, on contrasting their different destinies, sighed still more deeply than before. She felt however so far well pleased, that the return of her sister's messenger afforded her a good opportunity, to send another letter to her faithless lover. This was the third time she had written him, and all without effect. To it were annexed ten stanzas of poetry, of which the last was—

I again and again enjoin upon my lover, that he miss not an opportunity of returning—

Even should we live a hundred years as man and wife, pray how long is that after all!†

* A favorite Chinese expression frequently used by petitioners when addressing the mandarins, implying that they are mocking the people with "a show of justice," or in vulgar English, *humbugging* them.

† This line may also read, of those who enjoy wedded bliss for a hundred years, how many are there? i. e. very few.

The daughter of the Wang family, has become the bride of the son
of the Chow family—

The civilian's boy, has espoused the military officer's girl !

Three enclosures of the feelings of my heart, have I handed down
to the azure birds—*

And ten thousand bushels of sorrow, lock down my eye-brows over
cast with care !

A single small letter, about to go such a long journey, cannot convey
all I feel—

Alas ! when I reflect that we are in two distant lands, my regret is
greater than ever !

On the cover were these four lines—

I will trouble the bearer to take this letter, and deliver it in the town
of Woo Keang—

At the house of a certain Inspector of grain of the South Ma,
whose name is " Respectability itself " ! †

When on your journey, there will be no occasion to run about to
make enquiries—

You have only to stop your boat for a little, below the Yen ling
bridge !

From this time sleep forsook poor Lwan's pillow, nor cared she for
her food ! the odour of her charms gradually fled, and her jade-stone-
like beauty, slowly melted away ! she chose out dark corners, where
silent and alone she wept her unhappy fate, until little by little her
feelings of disappointment laid her again upon a bed of sickness. Her
parents now wished to provide a suitable match for her, but Lwan
would by no means consent to any thing of the kind ; on the contrary,
she loved to indulge in long fasts, and spent much of her time in the
worship of Fo. (or Bhudda.)

One day Aunt Tsaou remarked to her, " I am almost certain that
" Mr. Chow will never return again ! Take my advice, do not from a

* I, e. I have committed to writing. † Literally, his name is "Fragrance."*

“bigoted adherence to a little piece of good faith, destroy those prospects which the spring-time of life still holds out to you!—allow your father to select another husband for you!” Lwan replied “a human being without good faith, is as a beast! I would rather that Mr. Chow should deceive me, than that I should attempt to deceive the all-seeing gods!”

Time creeps on apace, and without noticing it, three years had now expired. Lwan said one day to her aunt, “I have heard a report that Mr. Chow has married into another family; however, I am unable to say whether it be true or false. Nevertheless, it is now upwards of three years, and he has not returned. Alas! alas!—I fear that his heart is changed, and that he loves me no longer! Still, until I can learn something *certain*, I do not like yet to give up all for lost!”

Aunt Tsaou replied, “why then not send Sin kew himself a trip to Woo Keang? Give him a little surplus money for his expenses on the road, and if young Mr. Chow’s heart be not changed, then Sin kew can wait for him, and they may return together! Will not this be a good plan?”

“It is indeed a very excellent plan,” said Lwan, “and agrees with my own ideas exactly! I must also beg my kind Aunt to write a few lines, urging him without loss of time to set out on his journey hitherward. This will likewise be well.”

Upon the instant Keaou Lwan sat down and wrote him a ditty in the ancient style; the following is a short extract.

Ah! well do I remember that happy day, the Tsing ming term—now long since past!

When I first met you, my lord, by accident—and our mutual acquaintance was formed!

Then followed the delights of innocent courtship, and our love-letters came and went by turns—

Till gentle “Love” was kindled within my breast; ah! I think of this without ceasing!

* Literally, my heart will not die within me.

The golden chain of a nobleman's gate * gave way to our united efforts—

And hand in hand, side by side, we roamed through the painted tower !

Gladly then we took the azure fibre,† and bound our fates for life and death together—

And swore by the hills, and made oath by the seas, that we were not niggards of love !

But as the white clouds disperse in the distance, and the green grass soon fades—

So you thinking of your relations, found it necessary to cut our loves asunder !

Suddenly I observed that your peach—flower face, was without the color of spring—‡

With grief I learned, that in the letter transmitted you by the wild goose||—were his notes of sadness !

Altho' when my lord set out, it was not to prepare the phenix car to wed another—

Yet was my sorrow greater, than when my father and brother went to subjugate the barbarians !

With the voice of sighing and weeping, as if my very heart would break—§

I clasped your hand, I clung to your garments, and turned your attention to your previous oath !

* The door of the Harem.

† Our silky hair. Some of the Chinese follow a superstitious custom when betrothing a boy and girl of tender years to cut a lock of hair from the head of each, and cast it into a tub of water. If the two locks of hair are mutually attracted and speedily entwine, it is considered a good omen, and if they repel each other, the contrary.

‡ The color of spring is as we say the picture of health and happiness.

|| Among the Chinese the wild goose is the letter carrier as the dove was among the ancients. See Anacreon's ode—*Ερχομην πτελεα*.

§ Literally, as if my bowels would rend.

Having therefore with you, my lord, completed the intercourse of
the male and female phenix—*

Do not, I beseech you, allow your affections to be entrapped by the
flowers and willows† of Soo chow !

Since you went away Sir, I do nothing but knit my eyebrows—

I am grown careless about arranging my rouge and cosmetics, and
my head is like a broom !‡

Bride and bridegroom in two distant lands, oh ! painful is the
thought—

Who is there now to look with me at the snow white moon—or the
flowers waving in the wind !

Alas ! for husband and wife !—in the prime of youth and beauty—

They dream in vain the dream of the butterfly and the rose !||

While standing in the wind, or confronting the moon, nothing
agreeable suggests itself to my imagination—

But cold and cheerless is my pillow, “and the dreams of the night
trouble me ” !

One night I dreamt that my love was wedded to another—

And when morning broke, without being aware of it, grief had
transformed my face from youth to age !

We swore that if false, we were willing that the gods should hurl
their thunder, and I dart the avenging lightning—

And the goddess Heuen nen communicated our oath through the
whole of the nine heavens !§

Since then you have only returned to your native place, and not to
the streams of Hades—

* Marriage.

† I. e. the *filles de joie* of Soochow.

‡ This is what is always said by a Chinese young lady in love.

|| Connubialia jura—frui, ut supra exprimitur.

§ This is the equivalent of Sterne's beautiful expression vizt.—“The recording angel wrote it down.”

Why is there so much difficulty in seeing your face, or in getting tidings from you ?

My lover's affection is false, but mine alas ! is too true—

And I now again send this letter by express, to show the carnation color of my heart !*

Alas ! for a blushing flower of thrice seven summers—

Silent and lonely is her fragrant apartment—and her painful thoughts insupportable !

Aunt Tsaou in her letter also made particular mention of the state to which her niece was reduced, by the misery of continually thinking about him, by the agony of hope deferred. The two letters were then put under one envelope on which was written—

These, for a majestic and striking house, like a prime minister's palace—

And moreover a grain inspector's—who rules over the Southern Ma !—

You need not stop your boat, to ask questions of the people you meet—

But where a bridge bestrides the river at Yenling, it is the first house.

Sinkew having received the letter, set out on his journey forthwith. He travelled by day, and slept by night, until arriving safe at Woo Keang, he drew up at the Yenling bridge. Here, fearing lest should he intrust his packet to another, it might not reach the party for whom it was intended, he took his stand—determined to give it to none other, save Chow Ting chang himself.

When Ting chang saw Sin kew, his face became scarlet : he asked not of him any questions whatever,† but taking the letter, thrust it up his sleeve, and hurriedly entered the house. After a brief space of time,

* This means a *sincere* heart; they say that the heart of a bad man is black. MORRISON.

† Literally, did not ask of him whether he was hot or cold,

he sent a servant boy to deliver a verbal answer, which was to the following effect. "My master," said the boy, "has been married to the young lady of Mr. Wei, the Tung che foo magistrate, now about three years :—the road to Nan yang is very far, and he can hardly be expected to go back there; and as a letter is a difficult thing to write, he relies upon you that you will deliver this verbal message for him. This little scented gauze handkerchief, in former days belonged to Miss Lwan, as well as this sheet of paper, which is a marriage contract; and he begs that you will return them to her, in order that she may think no more about him. Master at first wanted to have kept you to give you a dinner, but he is afraid lest the old gentleman his father might be asking annoying questions, and getting surprised and angry, so he sends you these five mace of silver * for your road expenses, and expects that next time you wont give yourself the trouble of a long journey for nothing!"

Sin kew on hearing these words got into a violent passion: he would not receive the money, but casting it indignantly on the ground, walked out at the great door, and exclaimed in a loud voice of reproach, "as for thee—cold blooded and unrighteous villain that thou art, the wild beasts and the birds of prey are not such as thou! Alas! alas! thou hast deceived the too confiding heart of my young lady Lwan! but High Heaven will never grant you its protection, for the iniquity you have done!" Having spoken these words, his feelings overpowered him, and he wept aloud. The passers by, one striving with another, wished to learn the cause of his tears, and Sin kew related the whole of the circumstances to them with the greatest minuteness, so that, in a moment, the fame of Tingchang's dishonorable conduct, spread thro' the whole town and neighborhood of Woo Keang, and people of any respectability, from that time forth, held him in no esteem:† so true is the saying:

* About three shillings sterling.

† Literally, did not hang him upon their teeth.

If in the common affairs of life, you do no actions which shock your own conscience—

Certes, in the wide world, you ought to have no men who gnash their teeth at you !

Let us now again relate, how that Sinkew returned to Nan yang, and there seeing Minghea, he blubbered and cried without ceasing. Minghea said, "I presume by this that you have met with some accident on the "road ! or—out and alas ! perhaps my young master Chow is dead !" Sinkew only shook his head, and took breath for half a minute, then recounted all the particulars of his visit, and Tingchang's reception ; how that he would send no answer, but merely returned the scented gauze handkerchief and the marriage contract, to the end that miss Lwan might think no more about him. " I cannot for my life go in to see my young lady," added Sinkew, and brushing away the tear from his eye, he sighed deeply and left the house.

Minghea did not dare conceal from her mistress what she had heard, so she recounted every thing that Sinkew had told her, with the greatest exactness. The wretched Lwan, on seeing the scented gauze napkin, the pledge of love in bygone and more happy times, knew thereby that the story of Sinkew was no fabrication ; and in a moment, rage choked her woman's breast, while indignation flushed her lovely countenance ! she begged that her aunt might wait upon her in the fragrant apartment, where she made her a complete narration of the whole. Aunt Tsaou exhorted and admonished her to bear her hard lot with patience, but Lwan gave no heed to her friendly counsel. Three entire days and as many nights she spent in tears ; she took out the little gauze napkin and turned it over again and again, ah ! how many recollections of her once happy moments, did that now bring to her broken heart ! She even sought an opportunity of destroying herself, but, upon reflection, said, "I, Keaou Lwan, am the beloved daughter of a family of note, " I was not without beauty, and the world said that I possessed some " little talent ; were I thus silently and obscurely to pass into oblivion,

" would I not thereby be conferring a great favor on my heartless "lover!" With that she drew up thirty two stanzas of poetry, intimating that she was about to take away her own life, and an ode or ballad of eternal resentment directed against Tingchang. The following is a verse of the poetry alluded to—

As I lean against my door post, and in grief and silence meditate on
bygone scenes—

I sigh ; alas ! my dream of wedded bliss has now vanished like a
smile !

Love, in early life, stirred up the rambling fibres of passion, and
dragged the green and tender buds of my heart astray—

Rage now follows like a torrent, and shrinks these green buds to the
withered red of resentment !

Then, I said, my lord will return true to his promise, as spring to
her revolving period--

But now, alas ! full well I know that " all is vanity " !*

I turn my head, and lean against the railing, the painful spot of our
long fare well--

And all my sorrows for ten thousand years, I lay at the door of the
false and cruel East wind !†

The remainder of the poetry is not recorded, but her ode of resentment, was to the following effect—

This ode of hatred eternal, upon whose account do I now make it ?

Ah ! when I bethink me of its commencement, my heart is truly sad !

In the morning I meditate upon it, in the evening I revolve it in my
mind, the painful thought never leaves me--

So I again take up this marriage paper, to declare the heartlessness
of thy love !

* In the original " *Sih she kung* ; " literally " the coloring (or fine prospects that this world seems to hold out) is empty." ' Used by the Bhuddist priests as translated above.

† Among the Chinese the east wind is the emblem of the faithless lover.

My family dwelt originally in the district of Ligan—

And my ancestors, having deserved well of their prince, were wet
with the dew of Imperial favor !*

Afterwards, my father being old, made a mistake in military man-
oeuvres—

And was degraded to the post of Captain, at the military station of
Nau yang.

In the deepest recesses of the harem, was Keaou Lwan born and
brought up—

Nor had she yet gone a step from her paternal hall—

When, how was I to know it? at the age of twice nine, my baleful
star arrived !

I had followed my female companions, to indulge in our womanly
amusements—

And we were just about to finish our last trick of the feet on the
Chinese swing—

When suddenly I was startled by the student's voice, at the corner
of the wall—

And suffused with shame, I returned in haste to the fragrant apart-
ment !

Amid fear and confusion, I sought for my scented gauze handker-
chief—

Who knew it? the handkerchief was in your possession Sir !

In vain did I desire my maid servant to go and fetch it, times
without number—

I had only to thank you Sir, for making it the subject of your
sonnets:—

Vexation and constant thinking about you, induced a long sickness—

When you were good enough to pay your respects to my mother,
and get us adopted as brother and sister !

* The remainder of the idea in this line is, "and had their portraits pre-
served in the Imperial galleries."

The couplets that came from you, and those that I sent, overflowing
 with the language of love—
 And fearing lest our mutual passion might lead to irregularity—
 We two bound our hair in a connubial knot, and swore to be faithful,
 as long as the hills endured !
 But even then not implicitly believing each other, tho' we thus
 made oath by mountain and sea—
 We begged Aunt Tsau to play the part of a go-between, as proof
 that we were man and wife—
 And our marriage contract being written out and ratified, we
 burned a copy thereof before the gods :—
 Thus our being bound together in holy matrimony, was merely
 fulfilling the destiny of high heaven !*
 For a short half year we enjoyed our loves, sweet, oh ! sweet as
 honey from the comb—
 When my lover thinking of his parents, suddenly fell sick :
 My heart could not brook, that my lord's should feel sorrowful—
 So I advised you to return to your native home !
 I enjoined upon you to this effect, " you are now about to depart
 for the far famed city of Soo chew—
 " In the streets where live the fair, listen not to the voice of the
 syren—†
 " But so soon as you have seen your mother's face,‡ turn your
 head hitherward—
 " For remember that your bride in the fragrant apartment, is
 orphan-like alone ! "

* The Chinese have a favorite proverb to this effect vizt.—" If destined to be man and wife, the parties will come together from the distance of a thousand miles, but if not so 'predestined, tho' face to face, they will never pair ! "

† Literally, " In the streets of flowers, hearken not to the sounds of masculine spring or open sensuality. "

‡ Literally, " the countenance of mercy " One's father's face is called by opposition, " the countenance of severity. "

Kindly and considerately did I state to my parting lover—

“Should you cast off your old love, and woo another, it is indeed
in your power so to do”—

But how should I ever suppose, that having gone, you would forget
to return?—

Ah! it is better to die at once, than thus to think of you, and pine
day by day!

A man came, who said that you had again married—

Several times I wished to believe it, but it was then difficult to
get proof—

Afterwards by means of Sin kew's journey to your place of abode
and back—

I learned that husband and wife, were living as harmoniously as in
the days of Miss Wan keun!*

For this I mortally hate thee! heartless villain that thou art!

The destiny that unites in marriage those a thousand miles asunder,
is hard to be cut off and cast away!

The love you have already enjoyed, you now turn your back upon—

And the pleasure you have sipped—where—oh! where is it now!†

Discuss not whether my sorrow be great or small—

No where is there a box or bag, that is not filled with my mournful
ditties—

I have written over five thousand sheets of the finest paper—‡

I have spoiled three hundred of the best Chinese pencils!||

Your love of the harem is thin; tho' she may possess beauty, yet is
she without strength—

For the happy time that we were to meet, is now changed to a
period that I look upon with disgust!

* See note L at the end.

† Alluding again to the dream of the butterfly and the rose.

‡ Literally, embroidered bark.

|| Literally hair pointed awls.

Uselessly now shall I take my eight characters, and try to solve
them by the Tsze ping—*

In vain shall I take my past, present, and future state of existence,
and divine them by the Chow yih !†

When I reflect upon, and consider all the particulars of our history
from the beginning—

In our mutual loves of byegone days, I never injured you !

Since then your affection is light and inconstant as the floating
clouds—

Oh ! how much better, had we never met or loved at all !

The greenfinch and the swallow both pair—

Why then did heaven create me alone, that I should be without
a mate !

My sister Keaou Fung, younger than myself by two years—

Has already born a son, some twelve months ago !

I feel ashamed that I so lightly threw away my person upon you—

You may rejoice at it, but my orphan like heart is sorrowful indeed !

The solemn oaths you swore to me in former years, what has
become of them now ?

Raise but your head three cubits high, and the gods and spirits are
around you !

You have gone to the southern river, I remain on the northern—

Thousands of miles, and intervening mountains, part us far asunder—

But were it possible that two wings should suddenly issue forth
from my body—

I would fly to Woo keang, and stand up, my lord, by your side !

Our early intercourse, only heaven, earth, you and myself knew—

But now unnumbered people shall deplore the tragic ending of our
loves !

* A famous work on fortune-telling. The eight characters she alludes to, are those which mark the year, month, day, and hour of her birth, two characters, one a *heavenly stem* and one an *earthly branch*, to each division of time.

† A famous work on divination.

I was locked up in the recesses of a soldier's harem, as a beauty of a thousand pieces of gold—*

When heaven, with the smile still on my face, gave me over to your villainies !

With detestation do I view your unrighteous conduct Sir ! and now that I am returning to the city of the dead—

Far better had it been, had imperial heaven never created me at all !

From the time that I send this letter to the friend of my youth—

I expect that no answer will reach my father's camp !

Alas ! for one of a family of generals, who wore iron armour of old—

A maiden brought up in the fragrant apartment, lovely as a flower—

Who, only because she had some little knowledge of letters and music—

Thus after a short life of pleasure, returns to the yellow sands of Hades !†

By means of twelve cubits of white gauze, suspended from a high beam—

In the closing of an eye, will my spirit gently float in the immensity of space !

When the report is once spread abroad, that Keaou Lwan has strangled herself—

Oh ! how a hard-hearted world, ‡ will laugh at the misfortunes of poor Wang of Lin gan !

I feel ashamed that I did not act the part of a wise and virtuous maiden—

In as much as I took the favors of the harem, and allowed a wretch easily to possess them !

My debt of ill-requited love is paid, and I am now about to return to the Nine streams—

* In the complimentary language of the Chinese, when speaking of your daughter, it is customary to style her " your thousand pieces of gold."

† The Chinese have a great many expressions to denote the abode of departed spirits. ‡ Literally the whole city.

But even at the Nine streams, I will not pardon you !
 Before—you loved me tenderly ! alas ! 'tis not so now !
 Now—I hate you, villain ! even as the sea is deep !
 Knowing that my intentions towards you were full of kindness—
 Who would have suspected, that your heart was like that of a
 wild beast !

I now again take a piece of stuff, like the fatal gauze handkerchief—
 And send it you with all due ceremony, far as your home may be !
 I sigh when I think, that our acquaintance began, and shall end by
 a trifle like this !—

Slaying a man may be excused, but it is difficult to pardon treason
 in love !

All my former reiterated injunctions thus come to an end !—

All my unnumbered sorrows of bye-gone days, this day cease for
 ever !

If you would like to remember the mournful story of our loves—

Please read, till you are full of it, this letter from the wretched
 Keaou Lwan !

Her letters and poetry being now fairly written out, she wished again to dispatch Sin kew with them, but the soldier knit his brows, ground his teeth, and would on no account consent to go. There was then no way of getting her letters sent to Ting chang, when it so happened, that just at that very time, her father fell sick of the phlegm, and called Keaou Lwan to look over, and arrange some public documents for him. In looking over these papers, she found one relating to a soldier, a native of Woo keang district, who had deserted from that quarter, and had joined her father's military station at Nan yang. Lwan's heart immediately conceived the following project. She took all their former love correspondence, along with the newly composed poetry relating to the taking away of her own life, and her ballad of eternal resentment—these she classed in order, so as to form a little volume : then taking the two copies of their marriage contract, she

placed them within the cover : afterwards she made a parcel of the whole, which she put up in the form of a mandarin's public document : this she sealed, and wrote upon the envelope — “ Captain Wang, who holds the seal of office of the military station of Nan yang, to the chief magistrate of Woo keang, in the imperial district of Soo chow, to be opened when seated in his public hall — these.” This done, she dispatched an accredited messenger with the same, and her father Mr. Wang knew nothing whatever about the matter.

That very night, Keaou Lwan washed her person with the utmost care, and having changed her clothes, she desired Ming hea to go and boil her some tea, using this deceit, to get Ming hea out of the room. No sooner was her maid gone, than having first fastened the door, she made use of a stool to support her feet, then taking a white sash, she threw it over a beam and tied it ; next, having made fast the scented gauze napkin, the first cause of all her woes, round her throat, she joined it to the white sash in a dead knot, and finally kicking away the stool, her feet swung in mid air, and in a moment her spirit dissolved in ether,* while her soul sought the habitations of the dead, at the early age of twenty one years !

A little scented gauze handkerchief commenced and ended her tragic history.—

It made, as it were, Seaou ho, and it also marred Seaou ho.†

Ming hea then having boiled the tea, was bringing it to her mistress, when she found the door fast shut. She knocked for some time, but no one opening, she ran in a great fright to communicate the intelligence to Aunt T'saou. This lady along with Mrs. Chow speedily arrived, and the room-door being forced open, words cannot describe the horror and dismay that seized them, when the sad spectacle within presented itself to their view ! Old Mr. Wang was not long in hearing the dismal tale, and in an instant he repaired to the spot.

* See note M at the end.

† See note N at the end.

It were needless to relate the scene of sorrow that ensued: neither the old gentleman nor his lady knew for what reason their beloved daughter had committed this rash act. But it was necessary to take some steps for the interment of the body, and a coffin being procured, what was once the lovely and accomplished Lwan, was, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole household, consigned to the silent grave!

Let us now however relate, how that his worship Keue, the chief magistrate of Woo Keang district, received the public document from the military station of Nanyang. Having perused it, great was his surprise indeed; from times of old until then, he had never heard of so extraordinary a case! It so happened that at that very time, his worship Chaou the Tuy Kwan,* in the train of the Imperial Censor Fan che, (who was traversing that part of the country inspecting and reforming abuses,) had come to the very district of Woo keang. Now Keue the Che heen, had obtained the honors of Tsin sze† the same year that Chaou the Tuy kwan had, and being very intimate together, his worship Keue communicated this singular occurrence to his fellow student Chaou. This gentleman having viewed the matter carefully, conceived it such a strange occurrence, that it ought to be brought to the notice of the Censor himself. His Excellency Fan took the poetry, the ballad and the marriage contract, and turned them and revolved them again and again, so as to make himself thoroughly acquainted with, and get at the very marrow of, this strange piece of business. He deeply lamented the talent of Keaou Lwan, worthy of a better fate, while he viewed with no less abhorrence the cruelty of Chow Ting chang. He commanded his worship Chaou to make secret inquiries about the gentleman, and next day had him apprehended, and brought up to the Censor's Public Court for examination. His Excellency Fan interrogated him himself. Ting chang at first persisted obstinate-

* An ancient civil appointment, equal to about a modern Che foo-ship.

† A title about equivalent to our Doctor of Laws.

ly in saying that the whole was not true, but the marriage contract being produced as evidence, he did not dare open his mouth. His Excellency the Censor in great wrath, commanded the lictors to give him fifty severe blows of the bamboo, and conduct him to the public prison. In the meantime he dispatched a letter to the military station of Nan yang, to enquire if Keaou Lwan had in very deed strangled herself or not. After not many days, a reply came, containing the particulars of poor Lwan's untimely end, upon which the Imperial Censor Fan had Ting chang taken out of prison, and brought up a second time to his tribunal. The Censor in a voice of wrath thus addressed him. "To treat with levity or insult the daughter of a man—
 "daim of rank, is one crime. Being already betrothed to one wife,
 "marrying another is a second crime. Having had adulterous inter-
 "course, leading to the death of a party concerned, is a third crime.
 "In your marriage contract it is written, "if the man deceive the
 "woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body!" I have now
 no arrows here to slay thee,—but"—and he raising his voice, "thou
 "shalt be beat to death with staves like a dog, so that thou mayest
 "serve as a warning to all cold-blooded villains in future!" With
 that he shouted with a loud voice as a signal to the baillifs and lictors
 who were in waiting:—these grasping their clubs of bamboo rushed
 forward in a body and tumultuously struck* the wretched culprit,
 pieces of whose body flew about the Hall in all directions, and in a
 moment, a bloody and hideous mass marked the corpse of the betrayer
 of Lwan!

Within the City there was not one man who did not approve of this punishment, as well merited by his former heartless cruelty. His father, professor Chow, on hearing of this news, suddenly died of grief and indignation, and not long after, the daughter of Wei whom Ting chang had married, gave her hand to another.

* In the original it says, they made no distinction between *sol* and *si*, i. e. they rung all the notes of the gamut upon him at the same time.

Reader ! Why should he thus court the wealth and beauty of a second bride, and turn his back upon his previous oath ? What really was the profit on't ? There is a stanza which says—

Having become man and wife for a single night, remain man and wife for ever !

What can you expect to gain, by deceiving a tender girl's too confiding heart ?

Should you say that no vengeance awaits the false and cruel lover—

Please to read this story of lasting resentment which took place in byegone years !

FINIS .

N o t e s .

Note A—Wang kwei turned his back &c., see page 6. Wang kwei having been disappointed in obtaining academic honors, retired from the spot in high dudgeon, and, with a friend, went to drown care and disappointment in a cup of wine at the house of a young and beautiful courtesan. The fair lady was called Kwei ying, and she and Wang kwei were on the most intimate terms. One day she said to him.—“My love! do you exert yourself “and study hard in order to get on in the world, and as for your expenses “all the year round, leave that to me.” Wang kwei accordingly went to attend the next triennial examinations, and before setting out on his journey, they went together to the temple of the “god of the sea” where they swore to be faithful to each other for life and death. But no sooner had he succeeded in obtaining government employ, than he disregarded his former oath. Kwei ying sent him several letters which he never answered, and at length the young lady, learning that he was seated on his bench of justice, sent a messenger to his public hall to present a petition to him, in which was embodied a sketch of his own conduct. Wang kwei guessed very well what the subject of the petition was, and without much ceremony, in an angry tone, ordered her messenger out of court. This deputy having reported the same to the young lady, she forthwith seized a knife and cut her throat. One day when Wang kwei little expected such a visit, the ghost of Kwei ying, as like the young lady as Hamlet’s father’s ghost was to his father, suddenly stood before him. Wang kwei in a great fright exclaimed—“I will get a Bhudhist priest to say masses for your soul without number, “to help your soul across the yellow stream (styx) and secure it a pleasant abode in Keih lo kwo (elysium or paradise) if you will only let me “escape!” “No”! indignantly exclaimed the ghost of Kwei ying, “thou “art such a heartless villain that nothing will satisfy my revenge but thy “life!” and strange to say, not long after, Wang kwei suddenly fell dead!

See the Tsing she, vol. 7 article 王魁

Note B—Le yih also sinned against his conscience &c., page 6. Le yih was a native of the district anciently called Lung se, now forming a part of the modern province of Shen se, and was about thirty years of age, when the anecdote we are about to relate of him took place. He was then employed as a Tsin sze, his family were of the utmost respectability—from his youth his talents had attracted attention, and his compositions were unrivalled for their beauty. When about to set out for the city of Chang gan (Peking) to attend the triennial examinations, he was introduced by a procureuse mother Paon the eleventh, to the acquaintance of a young fille de joie of exquisite beauty, called Seaou yuh (the little jade-stone.) They clandestinely enjoyed their loves, and Seaou yuh being completely versed in poetry, fine writing, music &c., they bound themselves by a solemn oath, that each should never wed another. Le yih then went to the examinations, and on parting with Seaou yuh agreed upon a term when he was speedily to return. But he having obtained the object of his ambition, and being now employed as a mandarin, his parents made him marry another, and

consequently his correspondence with his former love came to an end. Seaou yuh took off her head-dress and sent it by a messenger to see and learn how matters went on. It chanced that a sort of knight errant came to hear of her story, and he found means to bring Le yih into the presence of Seaou yuh once more. The young lady clasped his hand, and bursting into a flood of tears died of a broken heart. After this Le yih's disposition underwent a complete change; whenever he saw any thing in the shape of womankind, he looked at it with distrust and abhorrence. He was thrice married, and yet no wife would suit him, and when he died no one dared to approach him. He was thus condemned to be a hermit, as it were, in requital of his former cruelty.

See Tsing she, vol. 7 article 李益

Note B B—If you will only consent that the male and female phenix, &c., page 13. The characters used here, vizt. Lwan and Fung, both mean the male phenix, and when the character Fung meets in conjunction with Hwang, it must be so translated. But, strange to say, when the same character meets with Lwan it can only be translated as female, thus in the Chinese Courtship the expression. "Tan Lwan shwang Fung twan yuen." "The perfect happiness of the bridegroom and his *two wives*," again the title of a well known Chinese play is, "San Fung Lwan," which can only be translated.—"The three brides and their bridegroom" (at least such is the subject of the play): and finally the real meaning of our text is: "If you will only consent that I (the young gentleman represented by the character Lwan) repose upon the same pillow with you (the young lady represented by the character Fung) then,"—&c., &c., &c.

Note C—How can a little boy be permitted &c., page 15. "The Emperor Tae Tsung of the Tang dynasty" &c., page 18 and "look up to the north star the place whence honors flow" &c., page 20. The Emperor Ming of the Tang dynasty, commonly called Tae tsung, was very fond of his ease and pleasure. One night when the autumn moon was at it's full, and the whole canopy of heaven was clear blue sky, Tae tsung went to take a ramble in the moon's rays accompanied by a Taou priest called Lo kung yuen who was a famous enchanter. The Taou priest threw his staff from him which instantly changed into a long bridge. Along this they sauntered till they were brought up by a splendid palace, where was growing the Olea fragrans tall beyond conception, the leaves and branches were exceedingly abundant—while the most balmy perfume took possession of their senses. Tae tsung asked of his guide "what place is this"? The Taou priest answered, "this is the palace of the moon"! So when Tae tsung returned to this lower world (or anglice, when he awoke from his dream) he built a hall resembling the one he had seen in the palace of the moon, in which he planted the olea fragrans, and afterwards when a scholar obtained the highest academic honors, he caused him to enter this sublunary palace of the moon, and pluck a branch of the said plant, which action is therefore the equivalent of attaining the greatest success in one's studies.

When Tae tsung was in the palace of the moon, he had an opportunity of seeing the beauteous Nymph Chang go, (Diana) and on returning, often

longed to have her on earth as his companion. This is in Chinese, the equivalent of hoping for an impossibility.

At the side of the temple of the moon, were spread out in due order the stars forming the Chinese northern constellation. Advising a student to study hard and endeavor to get a sight of these, has therefore the same meaning, as recommending him to try to pluck the Olea fragrans from the moon.

Note D—I would advise you sir not to revel in foolish dreams page 15 &c. Literally, I would recommend you not to think of the dreams of Yang tae. In days of old, Seang, sovereign of the state of Tsou, while rambling in the district of Kaou tang, being much fatigued, fell asleep in open day. In a dream he saw a beautiful woman approach him, whom he embraced in his sleep. The woman said to him. "I dwell in the Yang tae (literally terrace exposed to the sun) in the Woo shan: (literally mountain of magicians) "in the morning I am a cloud, in the evening I am rain &c." When the Emperor Seang awoke from his dream he related the circumstance, and from that day, the expression "clouds and rain" is used to denote the intercourse of the sexes.—See Dr. Morrisous dictionary, characters

雲 yun and 雨 yu.

Note E—But clouds sever the river, &c., &c., page 16. There are the following legends connected with the Seang keang, or literally, boiling or bubbling up river. It is said that Ching keaou foo was in the habit of constantly rambling along the banks of the Seang keang. On one occasion he saw a couple of Nymphs gorgeously appareled and beauteous "beyond compare," who had two bright pearls, big as pigeon's or hen's eggs bound to their waists. Ching keaou foo on seeing them fell in love with them, and knew not that they were genii. Wishing to possess himself of their pearls he begged them of them, and they gave him them. He on receiving them treasured up the pearls in his bosom, but in an instant the pearls were missing, the divine Nymphs had vanished into thin air, and ever after he looked for them in vain! Also, the good Emperor Shun having died at a place called Tsang woo, his royal concubine Seang (Seang fe) sate by the brink of the Seang-keang, where she wept so bitterly that she stained the reeds that grew by the river's side with her tears. She afterwards died in that spot.

The language of the text admits of more than one rendering, but the idea is, the trying to obtain a beloved object, and not being able to succeed. A famed Chinese poet, Le kenn yuh, speaking of a beautiful Nymph, says.—"The train of her gown which she dragged along, was six folds of Seang "keang water, and the head dress which she sported, was the mountain "Woo in a cloud!" The meaning of the poet is, in the first place to express the maiden's beauty by these comparisons, and in the second place to say that she was unattainable or imaginary, like Ching Keaou foo's genii, or like the lady who dwelt in Woo shau.—See note D.

Note F—The bridegroom Keen new, who separated, &c., page 19.

This alludes to the constellations Chih-nen 織女 Lyra, and Kéen-new 牽牛 or New-lang 牛郎 Capricornus. The Koo-sze-yuen says, East of the Milky Way is the constellation Chih-nen, the grand-daughter of Tènte, (sovereign of the stars). She was very industrious, and yearly wove articles of delicate texture. So intent was she on weaving, as to be careless of adorning her person. Tèen-te commiserating her living alone, married her to Kéen-new, a constellation to the south of the Milky Way. When married, she no longer applied herself to work. The sovereign displeased, ordered her to return to her former residence, and from that time only permitted her once a year to visit her husband, which takes place on the seventh evening of the seventh moon. Chih-nen is now worshipped by unmarried women to obtain skill in embroidery. *P. P. Thoms' Chinese Courtship.*

Note G—You must spy the countenance of Han seang tsze, &c., page 21. Han lang or Han seang tsze flourished during the Tang dynasty. His temper was remarkably platonic; wine, women, and wealth he cared not a straw about. Indeed he carried this to ridiculous extremes. He used to sit in his study which was called the Tsing so keue or azure locked apartment, where he applied himself to his books and cared for nought else. One day (as the story goes) his mother anxious that he should leave some posterity behind him, sent his wife to his study with some additional clothing, the weather being then exceedingly cold: the old lady's object was that they might hold conjugal intercourse together, but Han seang tsze smelt a rat and turned the baggage out. He paid great attention in his life-time to the doctrines of the Taou sect, and acquired much fame as a seer or prophet. After death he was made one of the eight genii.

Note H—The guitar of the assignment making Tsuy, &c., page 21. Miss Tsuy is the heroine of the famous Chinese Novel called the Se seang yo, or intrigues of the western outhouse. This young lady otherwise called Tsuy Ying ying and Shwang wan was beautiful and accomplished. She had accompanied her mother Mrs. Tsuy to watch her father's bier at the Poo kew sze (or Temple of Universal Salvation) when "as luck would have it" the student, master Chang kung alias Kwan sny, travelling for his education passed that way. At one glance of Miss Tsuy's eyes, soul and spirit left him, and from that moment he became this young lady's ardent admirer. He forthwith borrowed the outhouse of the Temple under the pretence that he wanted to pursue his studies there, but the reality was that he hoped to get another view of that face and form which had subdued his heart. It so happened that just at that time, a noted bandit called Sun fe hoo (literally the grandson of the flying tiger) surrounded the Temple with his marauders and wished to carry off Miss Tsuy. In this extremity the old lady declared that he who should be able to raise the siege, would be rewarded by having her daughter to wife. Chang kung forthwith sent a Bhuddist priest, who escaped the besiegers and managed to deliver a letter from Chang kung to his friend General Pih ma or the white Horse, who

speedily brought his troops and raised the siege. When the service was performed, Mrs. Tsuy broke faith with Chang kung; and preparing a banquet introduced the young gentleman to her daughter, on the understanding that they were to be a mere brother and sister and nothing more. Chang kung being greatly disappointed thereupon fell sick, when meeting a confidential servant girl of Miss Tsuy's called Hung neang, he got her to convey a letter to her mistress. This letter was written in consequence of Chang kung, while passing the eastern wall where Miss Tsuy held out, hearing her play her guitar and it seemed to him from the words she sung that she was inviting him to an assignation in her private apartment. When he had got there the young lady turned short upon him and gave him a round scolding, saying,—“Because we have become brother and sister, mayhap you think that the rules of decency are not to be observed between us?” Chang kung at this rebuff returned to his room, where his complaint took a more serious turn than before. Now it so happened, that Miss Tsuy was a sly little baggage, and tho' she had thus refused him, yet she loved him at her heart, and felt sorry and indignant that her mother had broken faith with the young gentleman; so she found an opportunity of slipping into the sick youth's bed chamber, where she laid open to him the true feelings of her bosom. The current of their loves however did not run smooth. Chang kung went to the capital to attend the triennial examinations, and they never met more. The story ends abruptly. It is said that afterwards each married another party.—*

The passage alluded to may also be translated, “Do you feel ashamed to listen to the guitar of Miss Tsuy at the east wall.”

Note I—As did the unfortunate lady Keang page 33. There are two or three females named Keang very famous in Chinese story. One of them who was called Ching Keang (or the virgin) was the royal concubine of Chaou Emperor of the Tsao. One day her lord went out to amuse himself, leaving this lady in the Eseen terrace (or terrace of the gradually approaching waters.) They had previously agreed that when the Emperor should wish Queen Keang to join him in his rambles, he would send her a ticket by the messenger, without which she was not quit the palace; but that day seeing the waters of the river rising rapidly, he sent a servant to order her to leave the house directly, else she would be drowned; and such was his hurry, that he forgot to send the ticket, or literally the little slip of bamboo. She demanded this of the messenger, and he not being able to produce it, she followed the Emperor's previous commands *au pied de la lettre*, and obstinately refusing to leave the place, was drowned in her terrace. Another lady of this name was the wife of Kung pih prince of Wei. Her lord having died early, her parents wished to compel her to marry again, but she obstinately persisted in maintaining her chastity, and composed certain stanzas called the

* There is also another tradition which represents Chang kung as obtaining high literary honors, and wedding Miss Tsuy on his return, when, as stories generally end, they lived together as happily as man and wife possibly could do, and Miss Tsuy is often spoken of as a model of filial respect.

" Pih chow she " in which she bound herself by a solemn oath never to wed another. And again there was a woman vizt, the wife of one Keang she, who lived in the time of the Kwang Han, remarkable for her filial piety. Her mother in law liked very much to drink of the water of a river that ran seven Chinese miles (2½ English miles) from their house, and the poor woman (vizt Keang she's wife) had to get up every morning at cock-crow, and draw it at the stream with her own hands- However, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and the weather was bad, she could not bring it very regularly, upon which her husband chid her for being a lazy disrespectful slut, and turned her out of doors. The poor woman went to a neighbour's house where she supported herself by spinning and weaving, and anon would send her cruel or capricious mother-in-law, by the hands of the old woman she staid with, some nice little *bonnes-bouches*, or the produce of her loom. Keang she on hearing of this took her back, when a spring of water of the same taste exactly as that of the river began to flow by the side of their cottage ; her filial piety being thus rewarded in not requiring to make her former long journeys again.

See the 廣事類賦 Vol. 9 Cap. 6.

Moreover the Queen of the famous Wan wang was named Keang. One day she undid her head-dress, and falling on her knees before her lord, demanded punishment. Wan wang said, that as she had committed no crime, he had no occasion to punish her : upon which she replied that she had committed a crime, in as much as she was the cause why the King lay so long a-bed in the mornings, by which evil habit, many of the people's grievances were left unredressed. Wan wang took the hint, and ever afterwards got up earlier. See Gonsalves *Arte China* No. 15. Keaou Lwan's allusion is evidently to the first of the name.

Note K—The dutiful Min Keen page 33. Min Tsze Keen was a disciple of Confucius, and remarkable for his filial piety. His own mother being dead, his father married another wife, who bore him a son, still an infant. * His father was a coachman by profession, and Min Keen used to accompany him to learn the noble science of the whip, or as others say, he used to push his father about in a sort of hurley or wheelbarrow. One day his father seeing the poor boy shivering with cold, said to him, " why child, you have got " on a nicely cotton-wadded gown, how comes it that you look as cold as " an icicle ? "—but looking more narrowly he saw that his dress was merely stuffed with straw and leaves, his stepmother having deprived him of the cotton to give it to her own child. His father got into a great rage and wished to put his wife outside of the house for her partiality and injustice, but Min Tsze Keen with tears in his eyes implored his father saying, "while " mother is still here, it is only one son who suffers cold, but were you to " send mother away, both boys would be destitute and forlorn ! " His father at these words paused and reflected, and stopped the current of his wrath. His stepmother felt grateful to the boy for his goodness, and ever afterwards treated them both with equal kindness. Speaking of him, Confucius said in his praise, " who is the dutiful son ?—why it is Min Tsze keen ! "

* Some people say that his second wife bore him two sons.

Note L—The days of madame Wan Kenn page 50. Cho Wan Kenn, was a beautiful woman, and possessed commanding talents. Her father's name was Cho Wang sun; he was a rich and noble personage during the time of the Han dynasty, and loved much to hold intercourse with men of letters. One day the old gentleman spread a feast, and invited Sze ma Seangjoo to come and partake of it. Now it so happened that at that very time Wan Kenn had just become a widow. She played the guitar or harp most beautifully, a circumstance which Seangjoo was perfectly aware of, so when he got rather tipsy, he called for his harp and played the air, "The male phoenix is calling his mate" in order to excite her passions. Wan Kenn being constitutionally very loving, was indeed well pleased to hear this air played, she was at no loss to understand what he wanted, and at midnight stole to Seangjoo's apartment where they agreed to become man and wife. Sze ma Seangjoo took his own clothes and put them on Wan Kenn, when they ran off (à la Gretna Green) to Ching too foo the Capital of Sze chuen, Seangjoo's native place. They lived together very happily as man and wife, both being passionately fond of reciting verses, and both, when their throats were dry with this intellectual exercise, being no less fond of a glass of good wine.

Note M—Her spirit dissolved in ether, while her soul, &c., page 54. The literal translation of this passage is: Her three spirits or three tenths of spirit, floated, vague and dazzling; her seven souls or seven tenths of soul, deep in hidden recesses sunk. There are two lines of poetry which express the same meaning in another passage vizt—

三魂渺渺歸水府 七魄悠悠入冥途

San hwan meon meon kwei shwny too=Tseih pih yew yew juh ming too! Her three tenths of spirit floating on vasty space, returned to the city of the waters; Her seven tenths of soul mournfully entered the road of the habitations of the dead! The term hwan, here translated spirit, is defined as

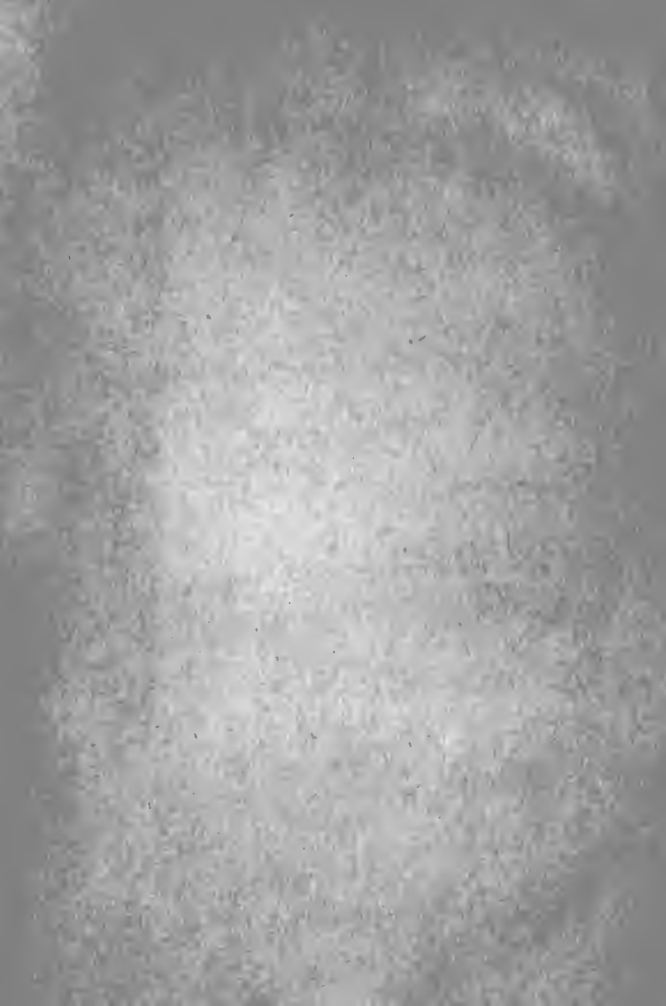
belonging to the 陽 yang, i. e. the nobler or male principle of nature, while the term pih, translated soul, belongs to the 陰 yin, i. e. the less

noble or female principle of nature. These different terms may remind the reader of the words Πνευμα and Ψυχη used by St. Paul in the 15 Cap. of his 1st epistle to the Corinthians, also translated spirit, and soul. Why the numbers, three of the one and seven of the other, or rather why the human soul should be composed of three tenths of the ethereal principle, and seven tenths of the gross principle, I cannot learn, having never met a Chinese who cared a straw about the matter, or who had ever given it a thought. If any reader should feel inclined for clear and succinct information on this, and many other peculiar ideas of the Chinese, I beg to refer him to Dr. Morrison's Syllabic Dictionary, and to the characters 魂 hwan 魄 pih

神 shin 靈 ling 陰 yin 陽 yang 氣 ke 理 le 道 taon
易 yih 心 sin, &c., &c., and to the same gentleman's English and Chinese dictionary under the words, Soul, Spirit, God, Devil, Heaven, Hell, &c., &c.

Note N—It made as it were Seaou ho and it also marred Seaou ho &c., page 54. Seaou ho was the prime minister of the first sovereign of the Han dynasty called after his death, Kaou tsoo. When establishing himself on his throne, he drew up three books of laws, but he was not able to finish the work, leaving still undone that part of the code which distinguished between more and less severe punishments. This the Emperor deputed Seaou ho to do, and he did it in a style which called forth the warmest approbation of his Imperial master. But when the unfortunate law-concoctor was copying his work clean out, and preparing it for the press, his mother called him several times to come and take his rice, as the dinner was getting cold. He however was too intent on transcribing his work and wished to finish it, so he “answered negligently, he knew not what.” After a little time the whole being completed, his wife called him to dinner, when he went immediately. His mother asked him, “what have you been about sir, that you did not come “when I called you?” Seaou ho replied. “I have been dividing or distinguishing between light and severe punishments.” “And pray what punishment,” added the old lady “do your laws award to a son, who “hearkens to his wife, and disobeys his mother?” “Decapitation” innocently answered Seaou ho. His mother (having no idea that the joke was to end so tragically) reported this circumstance to the Emperor. He felt exceedingly grieved thereat, and wished much to pardon Seaou ho, but feared that if he pardoned the first law-breaker at the out set, his laws would not be respected, *so he had the ill starred Seaou ho’s head, severed from his body at the market place!* This bloody and cruel example was quite as well calculated to teach people to beware of practical jokes, as to beware of breaking the laws; and may remind the European reader of the brazen bull which the sapient Perillus, presented to the tyrant Phalaris.





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